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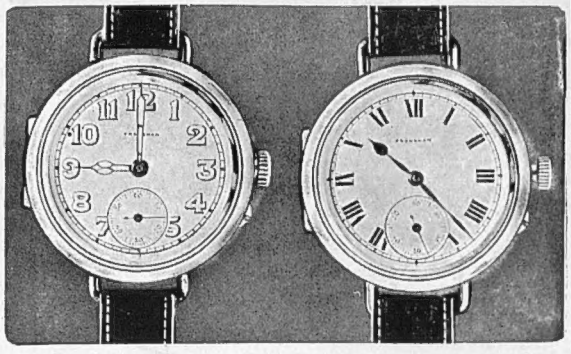

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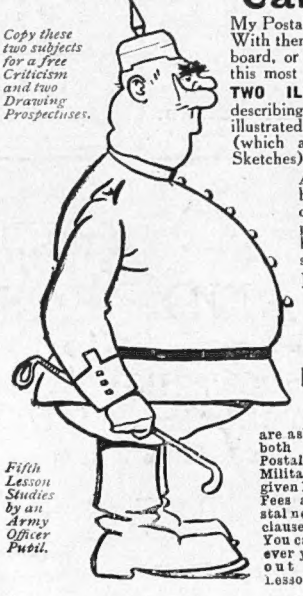

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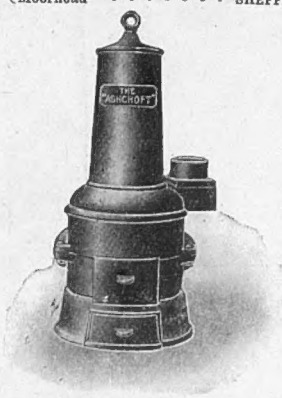

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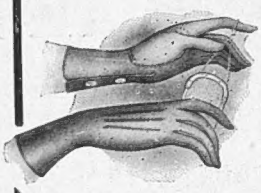

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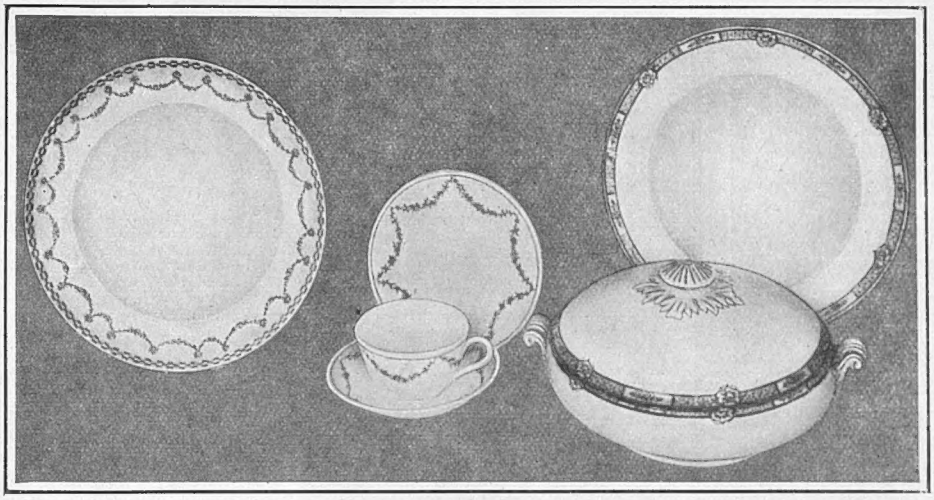

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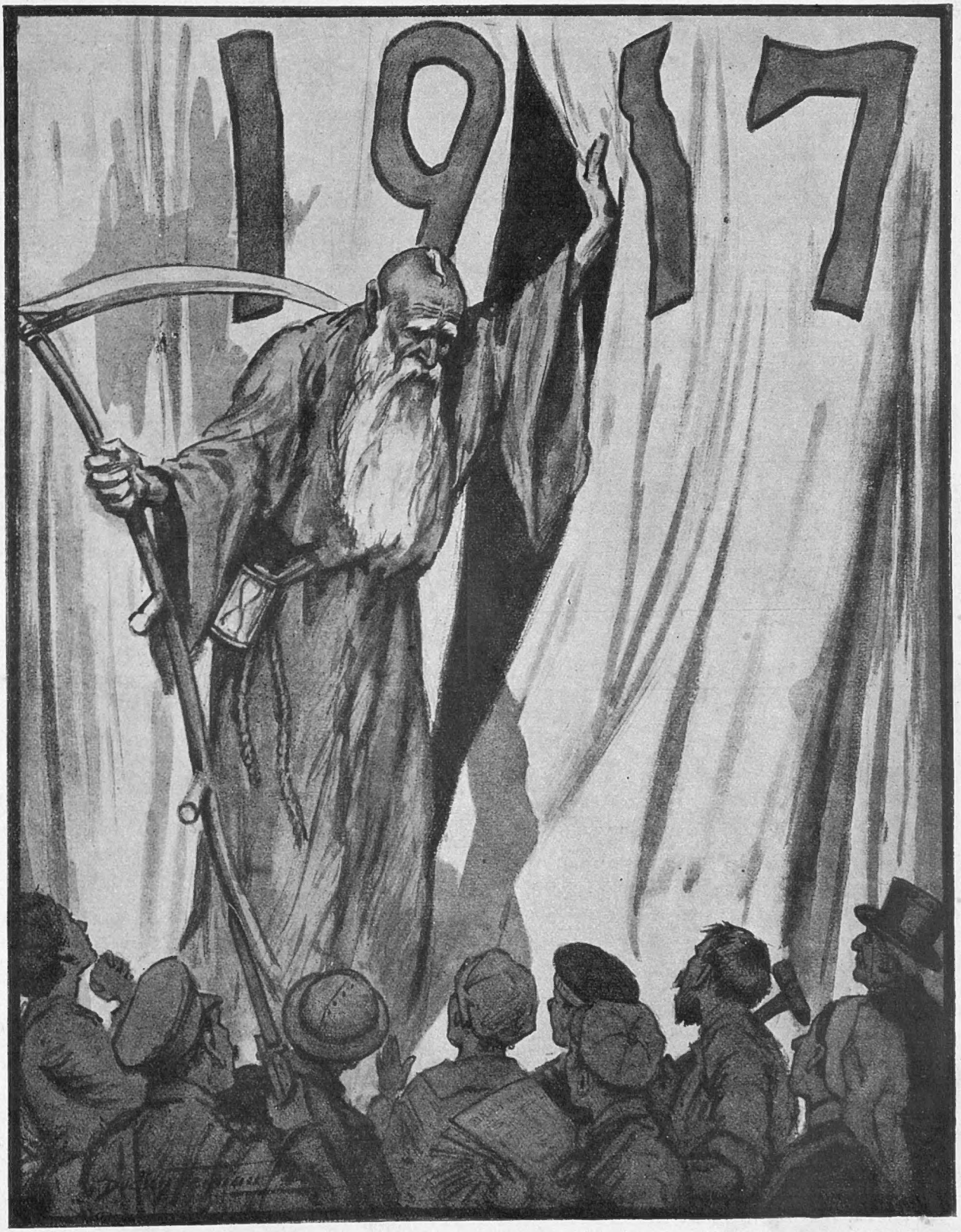
The Bystander, January 3, 1917.—No. 683. Vol. LIII

The BYSTANDER



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Time's hand will show;
But we in Justice and Good Faith confide,
And forward go.

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Bystander New Year Comments

A Happy New Year!

Bystanders all! The toast is—bumpers, no heel-taps; Double Numbers, no shortage of paper—a Happy New Year! May it see a Happy New World, Kaiserless, trenchless, U-boatless; Peace with Victory; compulsory mufti; sugar *ad lib.*; blinds up and lights up; eat what you like and pay what you can—in fact, the good old times, only more so.

Proposals Beyond a Joke

Whether 1917 will see all these wonderful things it is not for me to say, but only to wish. If you ask me whether I think it will be so I feel like hedging with "I don't think." What I do think is that if 1917 does not find us there it will see us very much thereabouts. The German enthusiasm for peace (on German terms) is getting beyond a joke. It has a serious air. It wears a worried look. And there is more than that. If I must venture on prophecy regarding the New Year it is that one of the fine days it has in store for us will find Austria, Bulgaria, or Turkey doing what I may call "changing hands." Asking, please, to eat very humbly and gently out of the *Entente* hand instead of knuckling under to the Kaiser's. There will be quite a little fuss in Potsdam then.

Gentlemanly Germany

Germany's newborn concern for the little nations manifests itself again in the courteous promptness of her reply to the Swiss Peace Note. She has shown no such swiftness in her dealings with the lesser peoples of Europe since she plunged into Belgium a short few hours after plunging into war. Her reply to Switzerland—as to the United States—reveals her as of the opinion that "the great work of preventing future wars" can only be settled after the present war is ended. That is Germany's idea. There are others.

How To Warn War-makers

They take various forms, these other notions of how future wars are to be prevented, and they are expressed in divers styles. If THE BYSTANDER may render the truth in plain, blunt language, it comes to this: There is no way of preventing war. There never has been and there never will be. But there is a way, ready to our hands, (1) of making nations think twice before they indulge in it in future, and (2) of ensuring that when the next performers elect to have a go they will fight it out with a wholesome respect for the decencies. That way is, in the plain, blunt language of which I have given notice, by giving Germany a damned good hiding.

Peace with Dishonour

If she escapes the hiding—if she presents herself at the Hague to-morrow with (metaphorically speaking) Belgium under one arm, Serbia under the other, Rumania hung round her neck garlanded with flowers, and Poland wheeled in behind by Bethmann-Hollweg, dressed in a neat suit of sackcloth—if she presents herself thus burdened at the Hague to-morrow, and slides the goods across the table and says to the Allies: "Here you are. Bless you, my children"—if she did all that and we took it and said it was a washout (or whatever the diplomatic term for a settlement is), three decisive facts would promptly establish themselves in history—(1) Germany would have won the war. (2) We should have lost it. (3) There would be another in a decade, to which this present chaos of blood and crime would be a mere knockabout panto.

What Might Have Been

No. Let the pundits who write the leading articles wrap it up in what high-sounding and noble phrases they can command; but let THE BYSTANDER—where we stand by, stand easy, and talk as men talk—serve it up with the fingers and not with the sugar-tongs. Restitution might have stopped the war a month after it began. Things might then have

(*Continued on page 6*)

AS THICK AS THIEVES—AT PRESENT

The Emperor Charles of Austria and the Kaiser inspecting troops at German headquarters. It would be not a little curious if the new Emperor, practically totally unknown two years ago, should be the means of ending the war almost as suddenly as it began

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (concluded)

been patched up at the Hague to the accompaniment of a brilliant "season" there, with all the swells and their wives, and the special correspondents, and the paragraphists, and the camera-men, and dinners and dances, and fêtes galore, culminating in a grand fire-work night, the pyrotechnics touched off with golden wands by the Kaiser, the Kings, the Presidents, and the Premiers.

What Is To Be

That might have been—a month after the war began; with "Restitution" the principal set-piece draped about the Kaiser in a halo of catherine wheels. Not now. The set-piece now designed to burn in letters of flame above Berlin is "Reparation"—but not spelt like that. "Reparation" is the spelling where Parliamentary language is compulsory. The colloquial spelling begins with a P, and goes P-U-N-I-S-H-M-E-N-T. That is—to borrow Berlin Peace phraseology—"the sublime task" in which the Allies are "joyfully ready to co-operate" for the purpose not of preventing, but of putting an ironshod premium on "future wars."

ALL SMILES

They're accustomed to being in warm corners, and they're just on their way to another one; but what they're really so pleased about is to find themselves in this corner of "The Bystander" New Year's Number

A Sweet Remedy

There are signs already of kicking against the tricks of the Food Controllers. The two-course luncheons and three-course dinners have been tried and found wanting—but in the wrong quarter. "A course" can be so plentiful, and, apparently, can be repeated so many times, that it is the national larder rather than the individual stomach which is most likely to feel any pinch as the result of the experiment. I can give Lord Devonport a far better scheme. No restriction of courses, no limit of price, no nothing. Just this—sweets a compulsory course and must be eaten *first*. Imagine the saving in flesh-foods! How much roast beef of old England could you tackle if you had had Christmas plum-pudding first? What sort of a chop would you fancy for your lunch if it followed baked jam-roll? How much steak-and-kidney pudding after an apple dumpling? If the sheer brilliance of this idea results in my being offered a place on the Food Control Board the fact will be notified in the public Press, but there will be no swank about it.

Woman and the Breeches

Mrs. Grundy must have died of successive shocks to the system quite a few years ago. If there is any doubt as to her burial-place it might be set at rest by investigation on the strength of the fact that she unquestionably turned in her grave last week. Indeed, what happened was enough to make her rise clean out of it. Four young women were dismissed from a Clyde shipyard for refusing—to wear trousers! This surely is the whirliest whirligig of the war. Only a very few years ago Lady Harberton was refused refreshment by an innkeeper because she was wearing "bloomers." Now four poor girls get the sack because they won't wear bags. "It's all that there old Kayzer," as THE BYSTANDER charlady says.

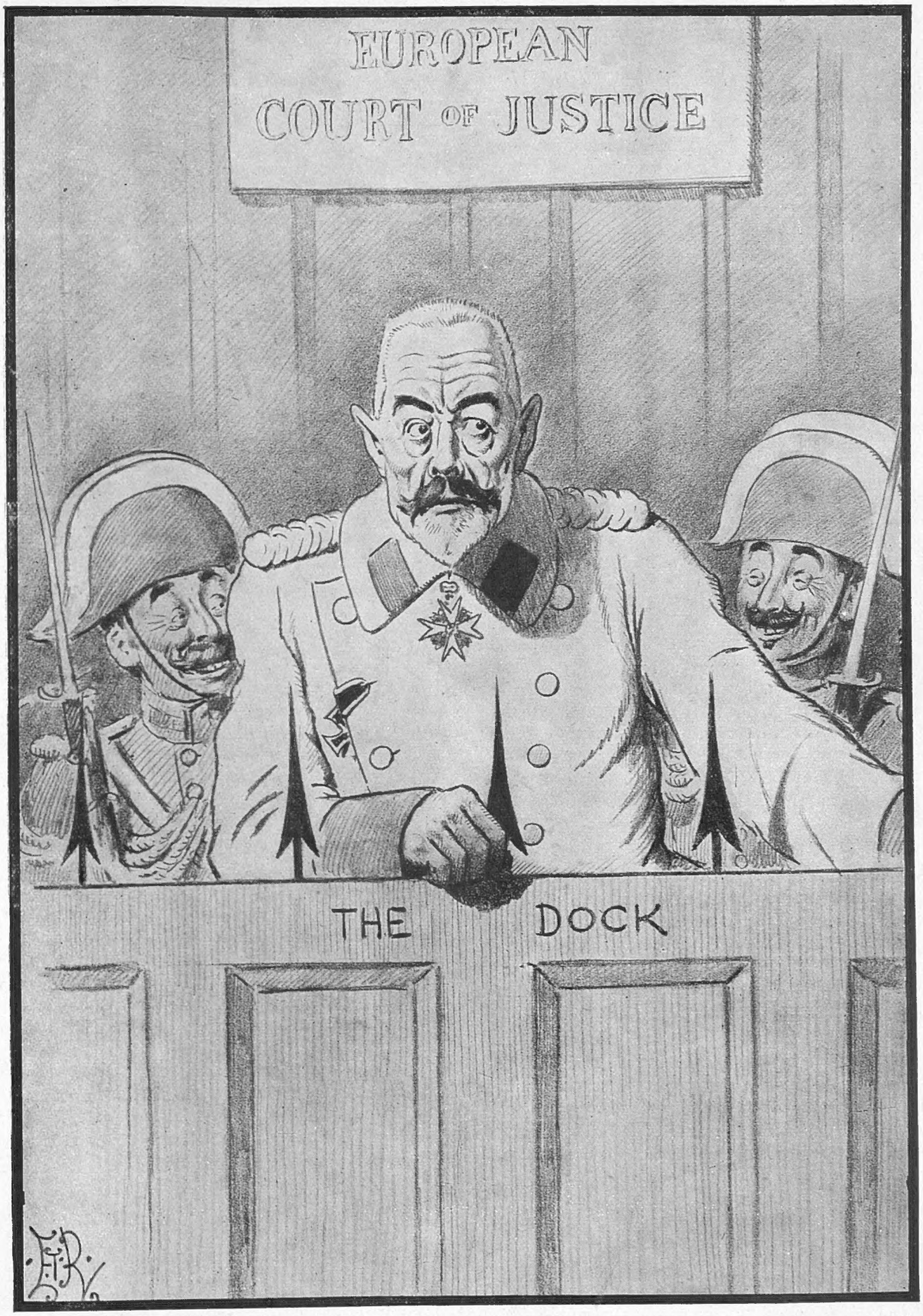
War's Little Worries

A minor problem—but these minor problems are often the very dickens to solve—of women doing men's work during the war is the point of etiquette, or chivalry, that it raises. I read that when the schools came home for the holidays the sight was seen of a girl District Messenger conducting across town a hulking schoolboy and carrying his bag for him. The sting is in the implication of the "hulking." But: if a woman porter opens your carriage-door for you must the male passenger carry his traps and fetch his taxi? And if a "lady-help" offers to run your household *vice* Jemima gone munitioning, must father carry the coals? And if a woman-barber shouts "Next!" must you offer her the chair and kneel or squat among the clippings beside her? Because if the chivalrous male should do any or all of these things then what are the devoted war-workers paid for?

Sea Lawyers

When is a door not a door? When it's ajar. I gather from recent proceedings in the Prize Court that the legal mind, far from seeing any point in this venerable riddle, would argue that it is a statement of plain fact and good sound law. H.M.S. *Canopus*, the better to carry out her allotted part in the Falkland battle, was grounded in Stanley harbour in order to give her the position she required. But when is a ship not a ship? When she's aground. It was solemnly maintained against her claim to share in the Falkland prize money, that the *Canopus*, when stranded, became a fort and part of the land forces, and, therefore, ineligible for naval prize-money! To save you turning up your dictionaries for "sea-lawyer," the definition is "a snapper-up of trifles." And well deserved.

"Justice in Wunderland"



V. BETHMANN-HOLLWEG, IN THE DOCK (*for wholesale trespass, burglary, arson and world-wide homicide*): "As the Court declines to pay the slightest attention to my recent touching little humanitarian pamphlet, it becomes my painful duty to—er—stop the case, and to consider what sentence I shall inflict on the judge and jury"

"IN ENGLAND-NOW!"

A WEEKLY LETTER FROM "BLANCHE"

LONDON, *January* 1, 1917.

DEAR COUSIN—

"IF the nation proves as steady, as valorous, as ready to sacrifice and endure as our great army in France—then I am as convinced as I ever was of ultimate victory. . . ." If! It is a challenge, isn't it? David has thrown down the glove. He's out to slay the German giant. Universal National Service is the *mot d'ordre* for 1917.

⁂ ⁂

"EQUAL readiness of sacrifice from all. . . . Let the nation place its comforts, its indulgences, its luxuries, its elegances on a national altar consecrated by the sacrifices our men have made. . . . Let us proclaim during the war a national Lent. . . . The nation will be the better for it. It will strengthen its fibre and ennoble its spirit. . . . It is not what a nation gains, but what it gives, that makes it great. . . . Unless every man is called on to serve the State as he best can victory may be beyond our reach. . . ."

⁂ ⁂

THE Army has "done its bit," and more than "its bit," and goes on doing it. "A year ago," says the Prime Minister, "it was ore in the earth of Britain. It became iron. It has passed through a fiery furnace—it is now fine steel. And this absolutely new Army has faced the greatest army the world has ever seen, the best-equipped, the best-trained, and they have beaten them, beaten them, beaten them! Battle after battle, day after day, week after week, from the strongest entrenchments ever devised by human skill, they have driven them out by valour—by valour that is almost incredible. . . ."

⁂ ⁂

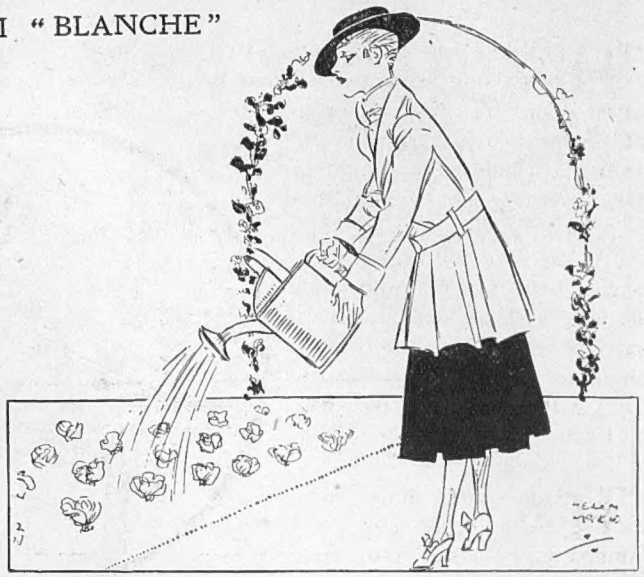
AND now it's up to us to do *our* part. So in the circs. they aren't, perhaps, quite in the picture—the usual New Year wishes. You know, health and wealth and happiness and all the rest of it. In this great and fateful year of 1917 it's the nation and not you or I or any single one of us that's going to matter. I wish you, therefore, a nationally useful rather than a happy New Year.

⁂ ⁂

BUT it's going to alter things a bit, isn't it? We're not exactly used to that sort of patriotic and impersonal point of view in this most individualistic of countries. For such a long time now, almost since any of us can remember, it's been each for himself and the devil take the hindermost. *This* is revolution—and revolutions are not made with rose-water.

⁂ ⁂

THE National Service scheme alone means stirring up lots of quiet, not to say stagnant, lives—the lives that have really never been touched before, not even by the greatest war that ever was. Because it's the over-age civilians and the exempteds and the indispensables that are going to be conscripted now—some of the *embusqués*, I hear, are simply falling over themselves to join those once despised volunteers, a force, by the way, now admitted, even by the W.O. itself, to exist and to be, at a pinch, worth taking notice of.



"Cabbages where roses were——"

⁂ ⁂

BUT under the new Man of Push and Go they say even that won't save them—when his schemes really get going. Which won't be long, from all accounts, under the new non-stop war regulations. "It's not a question of years; it's a question of months, perhaps weeks. . . ." I'm afraid there must be some squirming going on in some of the once so nicely bomb-proofed shelters here in England—now. What?

⁂ ⁂

NOT at all the good old all-right-on-the-night kind of ideas, the new P.M.'s, are they? And not so much a rather funny joke as it's seemed to the fluffy restaurant *habitués* these last weeks, but "a very difficult and dangerous problem"—the food question, for one. The harvests of the world have failed, and it won't be a bit amusing when we really do have to make every available square yard of land yield up its quota not in languid lilies or scented sweet peas, but in the humble odorous onion or the plebeian potato. Cabbages where roses were, and turnips where once the tawny tulip trumpeted.

⁂ ⁂

AS the Premier says, it will indeed mean sacrifice. This last horticultural one a particularly heavy cross, especially for the rich and landed:

My garden is a lovesome thing—God wot!
Rose plot,
Fringed pool,
Fern grot—
The veriest school
Of peace.

It's been the cult of cults for ages now, the cult of the garden, and in just a few pampered, petted, herbaceous borders I know I simply *can't* see healthy rhubarb rampant, or the coy cauliflower couchant, can you?

⁂ ⁂

TALKING of food, one who belongs, she says, to the martyr tribe of harassed housekeepers—the war women who get no *kudos*, but who are keeping

(*Continued on page 9*)

those old home fires burning somehow, though with precious few sticks to do it—wants to hear what Blanche, as a fellow housekeeper, thinks of the ghastly hiatus of six days that Christmas week brought upon us.

❀ ❀

"HOUSEKEEPING is just about the limit now—when one waits twenty minutes at least in every shop till one can catch the eye of the over-heated young woman behind the counter; when everyone shoves and pushes and waves a loathly string bag; when all wail for sugar where sugar there is none; and when at last, with an aching arm, a crooked hat, and a crick in one's temper, one toils wearily back with food for one day more at least. . . .

❀ ❀

"HAVE you a dragon-man, Blanche (as well as a dragon-dog), who, fresh from the luxuries of a fat and well-fed mess, says vaguely: 'Things don't seem to taste as nice as they used to do?' (Ah, that margarine, and the egg substitute, and the tired fish, pale and exhausted from its struggles to evade the perils of the North Sea!) If so, you will understand that sudden madness that comes upon the hapless housekeeper when the food question becomes unbearable, the egg problem insoluble, and the awful feeling of eating a shilling with every spoonful takes the last remnant of one's appetite clean away.

"The ones from the Front in front"

❀ ❀

"THEN it is that I flee from the kitchen and from the cook, who expects me to produce eggs as by magic and fresh ideas for tasty dishes that cost 2½*d.* with unfailing resource. Then I say to my family, regardless of their shocked, war-economy faces: 'For Heaven's sake let's all go out to lunch. I can't think of anything of any sort or kind!' As a New Year's treat I shall retire to bed, and the dragon-man can jolly well order his own meals, *and bring the things home himself!*"

❀ ❀

A BIRD'S-EYE view that'll give you, without further words of mine, a realistic picture of what it means to be even a stay-at-home woman in England, now. *Kudos*, as my correspondent says, has she none. All the troubles housekeepers ever had are multiplying in millions upon her luckless head, yet no one says a sympathetic word, and khakied heroes, nourished in massive messes where food comes on in clumps, sniff and snort at the result of her frenzied efforts. Do you wonder we're all going "out to work?" But I hope it won't get *too* popular. In war-time, it seems to me, homes are more important than ever.

❀ ❀

REMINDS me of dear "Driver Bunch," my dragon-dog friend, in the trenches. "Really, Blanche, it's tragic," writes his gunner-man master, "when you think of the quiet drawing-room life the fates and his ancestors meant him for—and what he's got. He's been wounded. A horrid piece of H.E.—in civilian language High Explosive—went in just above his right shoulder, and went through to the other side. We sent for the vet., of course, and he got it out, but it's hurt so much that the doctor's given him 1-20th of a grain of morphia, and he's now sleeping peacefully by my side.

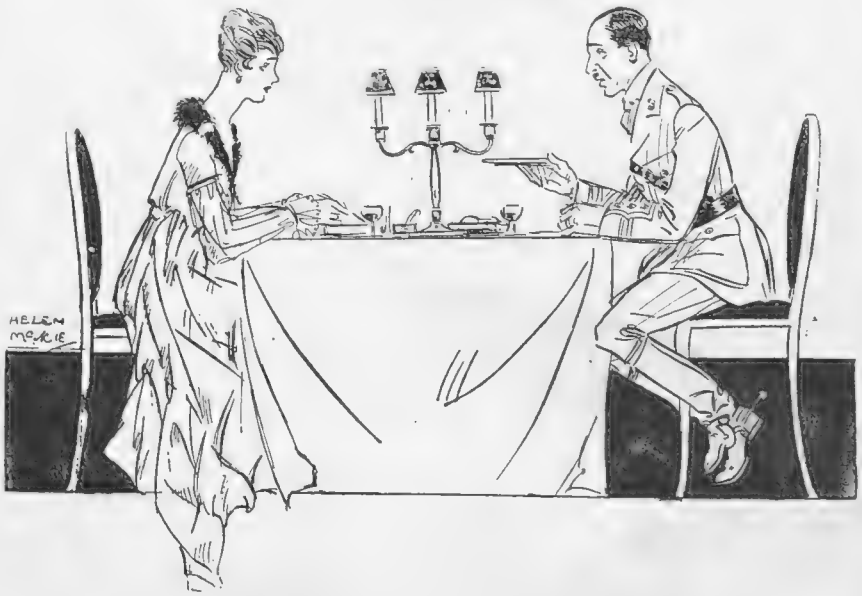
❀ ❀

"IT'S a hard life for a Pekinese, but all the same, you know, he's awfully happy and thoroughly enjoys life out here. He has quite taken possession of 'grand-pa,' as he calls the colonel, and trots round the batteries with him when he visits them in the morning. He sends his love—and so do I. But Bunch particularly wishes me to tell you that he's 'dead-nuts' on you—which doesn't mean much, to tell you the truth, for Bunch is dead-nuts on *all* girls. He swears, though, that *you* are 'different,' and that he is yours till ashes—he's rather fond of that expression.

❀ ❀

"BY the way, Lena, the monkey, you'll be sorry to hear, developed such dreadfully cold feet that she's had to go home. I've given her to the Zoo, and she'll now see life from the monkey house—a different sort of headquarters."

(Continued on page 10)



"Fresh from the luxuries of a fat, well-fed mess'

"IN ENGLAND—NOW!" (*concluded*)

THE new Food Regulations, failures here, have, apparently, found favour with the Army in France, by the way. "I shall be able to give all sorts of luncheon and dinner-parties when I next get leave," writes the master of Bunch. "Now that they are cutting down the *menus* I suppose meals will be cheaper. At any rate, we shan't see those horrid long lists with all the figures opposite them, which added up so alarmingly."

❀ ❀

APROPOS of leave, I'm ever so grateful for one of my Christmas presents—the latest from the trenches in magazine shape, the *Periscope*, "some" gunnermen's literary outpourings. Of course, *most* of the "bits" I want to quote for you aren't—well, you know what purists these censor-men are. But this is *rather* sweet. What?

THINGS THAT WE NO COMPRIS

If it is a fact that someone on the Staff who obtained leave on urgent private affairs was really met by his urgent private affairs on the platform at Victoria?

And was it true that someone else, who travelled with him, was heard to exclaim that it was the prettiest and best-dressed private affair he'd seen for a long time?

❀ ❀

AND there's a quite delicious trench telephony story that only the bogey "space" prevents me quoting at length. It's about a certain Fritz who tapped our telephones and what he heard. And this is a tiny bit of it:

VOICE OF 1ST TELEPHONIST: "'Ullo! 'Ullo! I say Bill, did I tell you about that girl in my billet?"

VOICE OF 2ND TELEPHONIST: "What, again?"

VOICE OF 1ST TELEPHONIST: "Not 'arf, Bill. It's like this, you see. Yesterday I sez to 'er: '*Bon jour, m'selle, vous promenade avec moi, ce swar?*' I sez; and she sez: '*No bonne promenade avec vous, monsieur, vous beaucoup fiancées en Angleterre, et vous* different girls *tous les jours ici.*' So I sez to 'er, I sez: '*Vous* completely off the track, *m'selle, mon fiancée in Angleterre napoo et moi aimer vous pour toujours, compris!*"

VOICE OF F.O.O.: "Hullo! Hullo! Put me on the Battery. Is that the Mess? I say, Henry, I'm getting so bored up in this old O.P. Just put the telephone receiver near the gramophone and turn on the 'Bing Boys.' . . ."

The Boche tapster is carried away in a dead faint by his brother Boches.

❀ ❀

JUST one more to illustrate the progress of the *entente*:

"*Bon jour, m'selle. Parlez-vous Anglais?*"

"Yes, monsieur, a leetle—'old me tight, do you lofe me? Kiss me quick, damn."

"Trots round the batteries with the colonel"

SO very many thanks, by the way, for the charming Christmas letters and the delightful Christmas cards so many of my cousins sent me. "As your cousins who have tasted of this dreadful war and have the prospect of a long struggle before us, we thought you would be pleased to know that nothing can depress our spirits," write my "devoted cousins at H.Qrs.!" "And in this behalf please believe that nothing helps so much to cheer us up as the charming wit of cousin Blanche. A very cautious subaltern suggests that you might be a pompous, bespectacled journalist of the sterner sex; but he has now been ejected from the room, for we of all people prefer to believe that the writer of the Letters can be no other than a sympathetic goddess, at whose feet we are ready to lay our offerings of loyalty and service—may we?"

❀ ❀

ALMOST worth while having this awful war, isn't it, when such very nice men say such very nice things because of it, and I hope they realise just a little how grateful and glad I am. But I fear I don't aspire to give advice to England, as an Australian officer suggests I should. "I wonder if old England realises," he says, "how much she is in need of your advice as given in your reference to the 'fluffy' ones. The more serious-minded of us who have been on leave see what a tremendous amount of harm the gaiety of England—I should say London—does.

❀ ❀

"ONE returns to this land of mud with a feeling that the people—but not you, dear Blanche—care for nothing but their own pleasures. That they desire *peace*, not victory, and so long as they can have 'another little drink' and a good time are really not very particular whether they have the one or the other.

❀ ❀

"THE *moral* of our men out here is seriously affected by the apparent indifference on the part of those at home to things out here. If by your writing you can bring even a few of these irresponsible 'fluffy' folk to give the war an occasional serious thought and help them to realise that at the present everything should be done that will help towards victory and *not* peace, we out here and the world in general will be deeply indebted to you. Tell them peace will follow as a matter of course, and then the 'fluffy' ones—darlings, all of them, I admit—can have their day."

With love, yours ever, BLANCHE

The Latest in War Economy

All the men to the wars are gone;
But the two of us here still try
Our hardest to "keep on carrying on"—
My very young man and I.

A Whimsical Diary: No. IV.

"ARMY BEGINNINGS." BY "WILL OF THE WISPSHIRES"

BEEN through it? Well, if you're a youngster, doubtless you have, as you ought to have. If you haven't, and aren't too much of an oldster, then you will go through it. So the jottings of one who is going through it will interest you by reminiscence or by anticipation.

⁂ ⁂

ON a certain morning, somewhere in England, you walked (or will walk) out of your home, clad in the oldest clothes you could disinter, the oldest boots, the oldest mackintosh, a cap on head, neither umbrella nor stick in one hand, an old suit-case in the other. You felt embarrassed lest somebody who knew you for an immaculate should come up and demand an explanation, somebody—Mr. Balfour, say—who had not heard there was a war on in furrin parts, and that we needed more men. So you slunk into the rear of the usual train, travelled third, and got to the London depôt of the corps by byways.

⁂ ⁂

AT the depôt the usual daily *queue*, each one similarly attired, scanning you eagerly with the look of "Hallo! what's made him come and do it?" Then the few words, short, sharp, and decisive, with the O.C.—a man whom you have known and, perhaps, lunched with or exchanged anecdotes or cigars with in previous days. He allows himself to speak familiarly with you for the last time positively on earth, laughingly lays you a small sum that you will not be able to get through the training. Later on, you will meet that O.C. again, and then he will be as distant as Jupiter, not even the movement of an eyelid revealing that he ever knew you at any time as anything other than Private Blank, Z Company.

⁂ ⁂

THE next stage is entrainment for camp, in a "draft." You have to gauge your new comrades rather by their accents than their clothes, which like your own are old, and in this case you are often bewildered by the fact that a large percentage of them will come from the Midlands or "oop north." By joining the Army a Londoner gets to know more about England in a day than he previously knew in his whole lifetime. For it is the actual fact that a very large percentage of soldiers do come from non-metropolitan areas, and their accents and ideas are non-metropolitan. Perchance they haven't even heard of the well-known people about town that were household words to you—playwrights, authors, artists, and lesser society lights. But when you get to know them you realise that they are the "real stuff." All the real services that were done for me, such as the first strapping together of my marching kit, were done for me by men of the north, whose kindness I had often heard of but now know at its true value.

⁂ ⁂

AT the station quite a kind and polite corporal has been sent to take the draft in tow, which was thoughtful of the authorities, seeing how much your happiness takes its key from first impressions. The friendly tone of the first official greeting gives you a jaunty feeling of optimism which stands you in good stead for the first interview with the Quartermaster-Sergeant. Name, date of birth, religion (if any), wives (if any), children, school, profession, and so on and so forth! I have had to answer the same questions in order to fill up so many different forms that all I hope is that I've told the same story to different people. It would be awful if I had blundered into calling myself, say, a Shintoist (single) to one and a Mormon to another. All recruits are, therefore, strongly advised to make up their minds exactly what religion and matrimonial situation they profess before enlisting, and they are strongly advised to choose something simple, as Quartermaster-Sergeants are quick-spoken fellows.

⁂ ⁂

ANOTHER thing to be prepared for is your first army snub. You may as well get it over quickly. It's bound to come. An army snub is something laconic, which comes upon you at some moment when you have momentarily forgotten that you are no longer your own master, possessed of your own soul, but a very small cog in a very large machine. Here's how I got mine—it's short and quite simple:

SERGEANT (*to three of my travelling companions*): So you three want to be put in the same mess section?"

MYSELF (*timidly*): "Perhaps I might be put there too?"

SERGEANT: "And perhaps not."

And true to his threat he gives me a number which seems as far away as the Poles from my three new friends. Henceforth I am no longer myself, but Private myself, No. 55555, Z Company, Mess Section 5, Platoon Fifteen, Section 11; that the name of my sergeant is (say) Smithers, and my lance-corporal Blithers, and "don't you forget it." Above all, I am to be careful not to get messed up over my mess section, or I may, that very evening, go without my supper. At the moment, the threat does not sound so very terrible, for I have had a "last lunch" with some friends. When, however, I ultimately messed I found out the agreeable fact that some Army food is just as good as you can want it to be.

⁂ ⁂

IN regard to mess, every regiment in the country is alleged by some people to be underfed. I have studied the situation in my own corps, and report that food shortages, where they exist at all, are the result not of stinginess on the part of the authorities, but of an excess of generosity of those who have managed to get the first whack. Those at the end of some mess sections (which shall be numberless) often have to suffer for the excesses of those higher up, and in this connection I overheard the following:

BILLIAM: "The mess orderly upset all the pudding down my neck."

BERTRAM: "You're lucky. There wasn't any to upset down mine."

"W. O. W."

Life in a Seaplane Carrier

PASSED BY CENSOR

No. 1—HOISTING UP A SEAPLANE

BY LIEUT. E. G. O. BEUTTLER

Liaison Letters from John to Jacques

"... OR WAS IT MY IMAGINATION?"

CHER AMI—

YOUR letter (heavily censored, by the way) interested me very much because it raises questions of a deep and insoluble kind, which one cannot answer with any certainty of being even approximately right. Let me, however, give you two instances, the one English and the other French, of this tortuous tributary of human nature, which flows into the wide and uncharted channel we call, *faute de mieux*, the nervous system.

❀ ❀

YOU must accept these two stories at their face value. You cannot vouch for the truth of them because in neither case were you intimately concerned. I can only say that I, who have witnessed stranger things than this since August, 1914, find no difficulty in believing both. Moreover, he who gave them to me does not lie, and both came under his personal purview.

❀ ❀

THE first occurred in the very early days of the war, when the "ridiculous" little army was retiring steadily, and bad-temperedly, with a deadly sting in its tail, before the German Colossus. Lady Malmaison was a lovely bride who had been assured by her laughing soldier-husband that they would take up their honeymoon at the point where it had been abruptly terminated "before Christmas, don't you worry." Wave upon succeeding wave of horror broke on England in the autumn of that year in the form of terse casualty lists at the breakfast-table as the toll of the retreat began to be taken—lists which increased in volume though the language remained cruelly brief. An inexorable finger moved steadily down the alphabetical lists of British regiments, smearing the names of its members off the slate on its way. Much of the awfulness of that month was necessarily kept from the people, and those of us who knew lied in public openly and with an engaging frankness. But it is difficult to lie with success before watchful women with fear-haunted eyes; and many of us, I am afraid, exposed our hand. Lady Malmaison was a young and sheltered person into whose life hitherto horror had not entered. She took what precautions were possible in the matter of communication and "authentic" news. But as the lists increased the wires of her watchings and prayings became tauter and tauter. The field post offices became *bouleversés*, as you and I know. There was nothing to be done at home but to sit quiet and wait, and go on waiting, trying not to clench and unclench our hands in front of people.

❀ ❀

A SYMPATHETIC man one night at dinner, noticing her tension, broke the current rules flagrantly by telling her the name of a man at the War Office who dealt with casualties, his telephone number, and the regulation way to ring him up, "in case," as he put it clumsily. As the finger moved on, her cousin was wiped off; then Bob's brother went; then a Sandhurst pal of his; then their best man. And then, on a foggy autumn morning, she opened the *Morning Post* with shaking fingers—and there he was in blood-red letters right across the page, "dangerously wounded."

❀ ❀

BUT where? How? In the middle of a long list there were his name, rank, correct initials, and battalion. There was no getting away from it. But what to do? Of course, *she* could tend him better than any mere trained army nurse. The telephone! "War Office. . . . so-and-so, please. . . . Is that Captain Blank? I am Lady Malmaison; my husband is dangerously wounded. Can you tell me where he is likely to be sent, please, as I think I can arrange to get out to him?" etc.

❀ ❀

A VERY polite man at the other end was sorry he couldn't answer the majority of her questions, and, in any case, Sir Robert Malmaison's name had not yet come through as a casualty. He suffered her thus for some minutes, although he had not been to bed for two nights. I hope there may be some special distinction at the end of this war for the unknown men at the War Office who answer the questions of distraught women all day long with unfailing courtesy.

"Might she ring up later in the day?" "Yes do, of course." She did, three times, and again late that night.

The officer, to whom lists had now arrived, was puzzled. "Had she received a War Office telegram?" "No, but it was in the *Morning Post*." "Are you sure it is the correct name?" "Yes, I have the paper in front of me now, under the heading of those dangerously wounded." The officer says: "Hold the line a minute, will you?" and picks up the *Morning Post*. There is no such name in the list—or in any subsequent list. Sir Robert was unscathed, and, happily, is to this day.

But a fevered brain had transferred the name in her heart to the cold print of a newspaper. She felt they would shatter him; and, thinking thus, she had crouched on the edge of anxiety's precipice for nights and days. One slight mental push, and over the poor lady went. I saw her last week on her husband's arm. She looks a trifle older, that's all. But she has "been through it," like so many of her sisters.

❀ ❀

THE other is Paris. A Paris bereft of its Government. A Paris in winter. The first winter of war. War is always worse in winter to idle onlookers, as, indeed, to the participants. With the shortened days, the darkened streets, and the lifeless cafés,

(Continued on page 16)

New Year Resolutions

ANOTHER WAR CHANGE

In ordinary times ordinary people make New Year resolutions to behave themselves better in the future than they have done in the past. But now——?

LIAISON LETTERS (*concluded from page* 14)

Paris in December, 1914, was a cheerless place. *Ce bon Galliéni* (rest his soul) was left in charge, and, like the good soldier he was, had closed the city up in his large disciplinary fist; but Paris of the boulevards, of Montmartre, and of "the other side" had felt the deep incision of the knife, and was still suffering from the shock of her operation in September. She was convalescent, yes; but the peevishness of healing tissue, and relaxed nerve-endings still brooded about her streets. She reminded me in those days of an inoffensive, peace-loving Chinaman who had been hit heavily between the eyes by an immense Sikh policeman without provocation. The cold, indomitable fury of the Celestial had blazed out untrammelled, as was witnessed by the Paris taxi-cab sortie, and the great flanking movement at the Marne. It left behind a bruised and muttering man, childlike in his faith in the Unseen, but with white-hot fires within, as yet unquenched. A spark only in those days was needed to light a dreadful tinder. And what had they of solace for their Latin imagination? Merely the evening *communiqué* stuck upon the plate-glass windows of the newspaper offices. So that these bulletins, brief but to the point, became

Their morning hope, their evening dream,
Their joy throughout the day.

FIGURE to yourself, then, a cold evening, with the wind whistling up and sleet falling upon the boulevard. A few business men pass up and down. The *apéritif* time has not yet come. Waiters dust preparatory chairs behind the big windows of the Café de la Paix and yawn into their napkins. A line of fareless taxis stand on the rank outside. It is the intermediate hour. As the clock hands drag painfully round to six a knot of a dozen or so people collect outside the offices of the newspaper whose *communiqué* is invariably out first. They shiver, stamp their feet, and light one cigarette from the stump of another. The crowd grows (it always does) and spreads out across the breadth of the pavement, so that hurrying pedestrians are held up, like seaweed on the bows of a yacht's dinghy. They pause also. Is it the hour? *Oui? Eh bien, alors!* But there is an atmosphere of grim expectancy. Why? *Dieu sait!* Evidently somebody knows something, There is no doubt bad news; *quel horreur!* The crowd has now assumed such size that passage upon the broad pavement is impossible. Not only can no *communiqué* be seen, owing to the height of the people's heads, but when at length it is gummed up few are aware of it. There are whisperings in front; the faint breeze of them is wafted back to the borders. "What? *Mais non, pas possible! C'est vrai? Quels sacrés animaux ces Boches,*" etc. There has been a French defeat! The casualties are very heavy. Many are missing. A massed attack at dawn on some of our new battalions. "Oh, of course, they don't *say* all that, but putting two and two together, what easier, *nom de Dieu?*" . . . And the crowd disperses to disseminate the "news" in the neighbouring cafés. The *communiqué*, actually read an hour later, merely told a nerve-taut Paris that the day had been uneventful, except that the slight gains made last evening were held by the French, and the positions consolidated—in fact, an "empty" telegram.

"THE GLAD NEW YEAR"
"Oh, dear! What a noise!
Why was I born so *soon*?"

❀ ❀

BUT a Lady Malmaison or two (probably of the other sex) had been pressed close to the window. You realise that with a crowd of several hundred, only about six people could actually see it. Imagination ran a sudden riot on overstrained mentalities. One distraught person "saw it with his own eyes," thirty more heard it at first-hand; and a crowd becomes convinced of evil where none exists. "But I tell you I was there, on the spot, when they put it up." And, in the words of the Immortal Trial, "what need have we of any further witness?"

Ton dévoué, JOHN

Memories that Sting and Burn

PASSED BY CENSOR

Sub-Lieut. Augustus Poop, R.N.V.R., being asked when the next train leaves for Clapham Common

BY ARTHUR WATTS

Bystander Super-Scoops: By "Qu'importe?"

No 1. The Hidden Hash: By the Sunday Boomsters

This is the most stupendous article ever published. It deals everybody and everything the most sickening thud ever dealt. It is the most astounding revelation ever revealed. It is absolutely white-hot with genuine blood-red streaks. Our presses have had to be cased in asbestos to print it. In dealing with it our editorial and composing staffs have had to wear gas-helmets and steel hats. When left by itself it shudders like a jelly. Deposited in a 16-in. gun it blew out the breech. Up to the very moment of release it had to be kept in a Tank and chained down. All the Sunday Boomsters have written it. Not one, but all—Mr. Bottomley, Mr. Churchill, Mr. Blatchford. BOOM! There it is, going off already—Mr. Garvin, "Vanoc," and the Rev. R. J. Campbell. Mr. Campbell, as shuddering admirers of the Sunday Boomsters will have noticed, has been rather squeezed—BOOM! Dash it!—rather squeezed away by his rivals lately, but here he is given the fullest chance he can get. Understand please, that all the Sunday Boomsters have written this together, and that the Editor, after six months' training by a lion-tamer, has really done his best to control them and make this colossal revelation of the Hidden Hash run as smoothly as possible in the circumstances. Finally, a well-kept political secret may now be revealed. This colossal article, written in the life-time of the late Cabinet, was the real reason of that Cabinet's fall. They dared not face it. Our readers must—BOOM! BOOM!—Look out! Stand away there! Stand away! Let her go!

BOOM!

Gr-r-r-r-r-r!

WUMP!

Hiss-s-s-s-s!

WOOP!

FEE-FI-FO-FUM!

Gr-r-r-r-r!

THUD!

BOOM!

[*Steady, please, steady!*—ED.]

"VANOC": BOOM! Fee-fi-fo-fum, I smell the blood of an English Hun. I always do. It's everywhere. Downing Street positively reeks of it. Outside No. 10 the thing stands up like a solid wall. I call it "The Hidden Hash." Our sterling life-blood from overseas, from Quetta to Quebec, from Wallawallawalla to Waterloo Junction, from far-flung Auckland to the high-flung Hebrides, is pouring itself out like I pour out ink. To what avail? *Cui Bono?* "The Hidden Hash" absorbs it like some monstrous sponge, like some——

REV. R. J. CAMPBELL: I am sometimes asked the question——

MR. BOTTOMLEY: BOOM! Hands off! I mean to speak at last. They can take me to the Tower if they will. I shall die for John Bull. I don't mean what you mean. Sometimes I don't know what I do mean. What I say with clarion, undaunted sound is this—that the hideous secret I have locked in my safe for months I will now reveal. The quicksand, the slough in which the Cabinet is sinking is what I purpose to call "The Hidden Hash"——

"VANOC": Damn it, I called it that.

MR. BOTTOMLEY: Get away!—"The Hidden Hash" was first revealed to me by——

THE REV. R. J. CAMPBELL: People frequently ask me——

MR. CHURCHILL: BOOM! In revealing to the public, at the rate of £25,000 an article, all that should be known—and it is much; quite six articles; £25,000 x 6 = £150,000; which puts me, I should say, considerably in advance of my fellow Boomsters—in revealing all that should be known of "The Hidden Hash" I can scarcely be accused of breaking silence. I have never kept it. Which explains not only all the positions I have held, but the reason I am not holding them now. I speak with authority on this vital subject. Of everything I have touched for some time past I have made not so much a "Hidden Hash" (I would not have minded that) as a something else hash. The thing has been——

REV. R. J. CAMPBELL: People sometimes say to me——

MR. GARVIN: BOOM! Those who thought I had reached the absolute bottom of necessary pessimism in my article last week were building a fool's paradise for themselves. When I showed that the position on every front except the front page of the *Observer*, which is booked for months in advance, was even more hopeless than when it was most hopeless, I was intentionally minimising the crisis with which we are now faced. The Central Powers——

MESSRS. THE SUNDAY BOOMSTERS

THE REV. R. J. CAMPBELL: I am frequently asked——

MR. BLATCHFORD: BOOM! I have finished with Field Punishment No. 1 (Crucifixion), and I now proceed to a far graver matter incredible though that may seem, considering the copy I made out of the other—of which I have proof in written documents inscribed on the tail of the writer's army shirt. I refer, I need hardly tell the Army, to Field Punishment No. 2 (Hidden Hash)——

["VANOC": Nonsense!

BLATCHFORD: BOOM!

"VANOC": Don't you try to boom me, my boy. BOOM!

BOTTOMLEY: BOOM!

GARVIN: BOO-O-O-OOM!

Steady there, steady!—ED.]

THE REV. R. J. CAMPBELL: People sometimes ask me——

CHURCHILL: BOOM! The truth about the Dardanelles——

"VANOC": BOO-O-OOM! The truth about Mr. Asquith——

BLATCHFORD: BOO-O-O-OOM! The truth about the death of——

BOTTOMLEY: BOO-O-O-O-OOM! The truth about the Navy——

ALL TOGETHER——

EDITOR: *No, no! Stop! Help! You'll have the roof off! Help! You'll blow the town up. Help! Hel—l——!*

[*Next Week's Super-Scoop*: "TODAY'S PERSONAL PULP!"]

"A Lonely British Soldier . . . ."

THE "HIDDEN HAND" ENJOYS HIS CORRESPONDENCE

Getting the

PASSED BY CENSOR

In that rare and elusive period known as "Leave" it is necessary to reconstruct the "at

Local Colour

mosphere " of the front as far as possible in order to produce the weekly " Fragment "

BY CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

Le Dernier Cri de Paris

1. "POCKET CAPE"
Held at the waist-line by two fox heads, with two pendent tails. Three-cornered fur fold hat

2. ERMINE CAPE
Fastened with ermine head

3. "CAPE COCHER À LA RUSSE"
With large white fox collar

4. EVENING CLOAK
With deep ermine collar trimmed with blue fox, which is repeated at the cuffs and at the border of the cloak

5. "CAPE MANTLE"
In peau de pêche, trimmed with ermine

The Bystander in Paris

IN THE HALL OF THE LOST STEPS

THE French language has so many of these odd little bits of phrase-colouring, curiously quaint expressions which describe their meaning better than the most detailed word-picture, and I always think that the name of the Hall of the Lost Steps, the *Salle des Pas Perdus*, which is the great hall outside the platforms of a railway station, or the lobby of the Chamber of Deputies, is peculiarly descriptive; for in the Chamber, in the Palace of Justice, in the Senate House, steps and tempers are lost every day.

❀

AND there are few places in Paris with more vivid pictures of the war on view in them than these same "halls of the lost steps" in the great railway stations when a train from the front comes in or goes out, or, as happens sometimes, when one train comes in and the other goes out at about the same time. You need never ask which of the two events is happening, for the crowd shows you that. The soldiers, bless them, are nearly always cheerful, but even they are more boisterously happy when the train comes in and "*la perm*"—leave—is before them. And every now and then one little picture crystallises and stands out dramatically from the others—one little incident which grafts itself on the memory and remains.

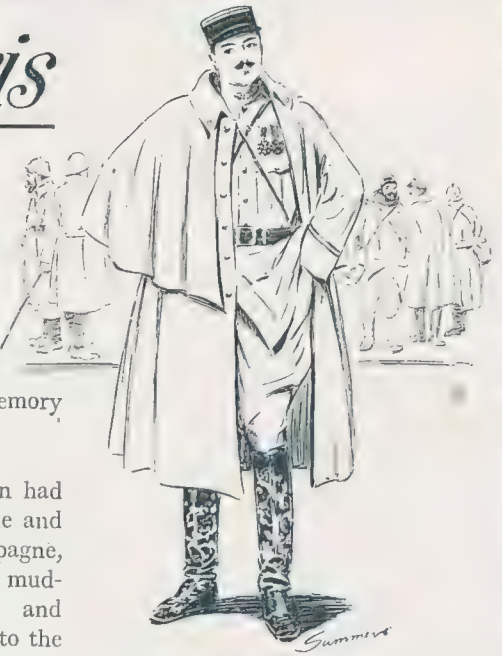
❀

THE other evening a train had let loose its wave of blue and silver-grey mud of the Champagne, and the *poilus*, kit-laden, mud-encrusted, unshaven, dirty and happy, were tumbling out on to the platform, rushing the gates, swamping the ticket-collectors, shouting laughing good-byes, yelling enthusiastic greetings to the friends who waited for them in a serried mass beyond the barriers, and scrambling over one another in their hurry to get through the formalities of the office of the Military Commissioner so that, with the *visé* duly given on their *perm* papers, they might be free to go off with their friends. The big sentries outside the offices of the Commissaire were dividing up the pale blue wave and directing it. "*Messieurs les Officiers par ici!*" "Non-commissioned officers to this door!" "Soldiers in here!" And with laughing and shouting and a good deal of hustling the scramble went on.

"The sergeant tucked his arm familiarly into that of the young officer and turned him round"

❀

I HAD noticed two men who had been chatting quietly. One was an officer, a smart young lieutenant with the Legion of Honour and beside it the red and green ribbon and bronze medal of the Military Cross. The other was a sergeant, grey-haired and sturdy, and he, too, had the mud of Champagne on his boots and on his breast the Military Cross with the palm leaf on the ribbon, which denotes mention in army despatches. The officer got through the door of the Commissaire before the sergeant, and,



"The young officer heard him and shook his head in laughing reproach"

pocketing his papers, stood on the outskirts of the crowd when he came out, watching the scene and smiling at it. He was evidently a favourite. In war-time there is less insistence here in France than one might expect on the salute, and men on leave often contrive to look the other way when an officer is near them, or, when they must see him, salute perfunctorily. But many of these men belonged to the young officer's own regiment, and I noticed them saluting as though they were pleased and proud to show him honour. I mentioned my impression to one of them. There is a friendliness in French crowds nowadays which makes for general conversation. "I believe you!" said my new friend with a nod and a laugh. "He is a young lion, that one."

❀

AND he told me a story of a rescue of a private whom a shell had buried which made my blood tingle. "A young lion!" The young officer heard him, and shook his head at him in laughing reproach. Then, as the man saluted with a click and went off, he lit a cigarette and watched the crowd again. The elderly sergeant had pushed his way out from the office by this time and stood for a moment wiping the perspiration from his forehead and searching in the crowd for somebody whom he was expecting. He caught sight of the young officer, and pushed his way through to him. The younger man had not seen him,

(Continued on page 24)

THE BYSTANDER IN PARIS *(concluded from page 23)*

and I was rather surprised (for even in the democratic French Army of to-day one does not often see these things) when the sergeant tucked his arm familiarly into that of the young lieutenant and turned him round. The younger man was evidently no formalist. "Ah, here you are," he said, "at last! By Jove, I'm thirsty!" The elderly sergeant laughed. "*Possible, mon lieutenant,*" he said, "but all the cafés closed an hour ago, so you must wait till you get home." "I suppose I must," said the lieutenant, and he handed the sergeant a cigarette and lit another himself. "And now," said the sergeant, taking his arm again, "let's get off."

❀

I STOOD looking at the two men for a moment, and followed them out of the station. I was amused and interested at the curious inversion of rank. The sergeant was mothering the lieutenant, who limped a little, keeping the crowd off him, and I noticed the pride he took in the young officer. Outside in the yard a big cabman in one of those huge rough sheepskin coats which Paris cabmen wear in the cold weather, climbed off his box, clattering his huge wooden clogs, fell on the two men, and kissed them heartily on both cheeks. "*Ça va?*" he asked. "*Pas mal,*" said the sergeant. "*Très bien, mon oncle,*" said the young officer. And as the two got into the cab and the big man in sheepskin cranked up, he shouted to the world at large: "My brother and my nephew! *Tu parles si je suis content!*" The sergeant put his head out of the window. "Go on—get us home!" he said. "There is an hour that she is waiting for us, the mother!"

A big cabman fell on the two men and kissed them heartily on both cheeks

❀

THE young officer and the grey-headed sergeant, heroes both, were father and son. The likeness was quite clear when one looked for it.

JOHN N. RAPHAEL

Photograph *A. Lenzi*

WEDDING SLEIGH BELLS

This interesting photograph shows the start-off on their honeymoon of a British soldier interned at Château d'Oex and his bride. A pleasant change from a German prison camp, what?

WE Know of Much "Better 'Oles!"

BEHIND THE GUNS, SOMEWHERE IN——SPAIN

THE KING OF SPAIN AND SOME OF HIS COURT AT A SHOOTING-PARTY AT VENTOSILLA

Photographs "*España*"

THE QUEEN OF SPAIN WITH THE DUCHESS OF SANTOÑA AND THE DUKE OF ALVA

One wonders whether the latter thinks sometimes, as he reads of the war in Flanders, of his ancestor's campaigns there in the Wars of the Netherlands

LONDON NIGHTS ENTERTAINMENTS

"See-Saw" at the Comedy Theatre

BY "JINGLE." ILLUSTRATED BY NORMAN MORROW

This is a light and lively entertainment, almost as infinite in its variety as the Serpent of Old Nile herself, who, by the way, figures in one of the later scenes. The scenery ranges from a gloomy London railway station to the barbaric splendours of ancient Egypt, and the girls and their frocks are something lovely. One of the features of the railway station is an extension of the slot-machine principle, for the purpose of supplying automatic weddings. A penny dropped in here procures the marriage lines, a penny dropped in there supplies the wedding ring, and so on, the total cost being fivepence. And you can't expect to be married cheaper than that. It seems that the novelty is designed for young couples who have been spending the evening together and have missed the last train home; but that is, of course, a matter about which I know nothing, so I shall not expose my ignorance by attempting to discuss it.

The moving spirit of the show is Mr. Jack Humphries, who is everything by turns and nothing for long. He begins by being a policeman new to his job, who declines to allow breaches of the peace around him to disturb the serenity of his reflections. He even listens to the story of a self-confessed murderer without being moved by it, as the regrettable occurrence in question fortunately took place off his beat. But Mr. Humphries' best effort is a song in which, as a Tommy home on leave, he discusses the familiar field-service postcard, with its ready-made news that you have to scratch out when it doesn't fit. The song is an emphatic reminder to the authorities that there is no line provided on the postcard that will tell the girl you are still true to her; and the omission of such an essential line as "For Gawd's sake send some fags," almosts suggests that our War Office does not yet realise the far-reaching effects of Armageddon. The song is spoken rather than sung, but as Mr. Humphries presents it to us it is a singularly able mixture of humour and pathos, and is quite the outstanding feature of the entertainment.

This song is given on the Embankment, under the shadow of Cleopatra's Needle, a scene that presently gives rise to conjectures as to the scenes on which the famous obelisk must have looked in the land of its origin. By way of satisfying our very reasonable curiosity in this respect the Embankment melts away, and is replaced by a gorgeous scene representing the court of Cleopatra at the time when she was keeping company with the great Marc Antony, formerly of Rome, S.E. Merchants from far Cathay bring their wares for sale; and one parcel on being unwrapped proves to be Miss Phyllis Monkman, dressed (so to speak) as a Babylonian dancer. By the time the dancer has trotted round just to show off her paces, as it were, it is not surprising to find Antony making signs to the merchants that he would like that little lot for his very own. Indeed, he goes so far as to lift her up in his arms, doubtless to satisfy himself that she is full weight. Cleopatra then intervenes with signs to the effect that she is not going to have anything of that sort in her house, thank you; and the Babylonian slave is promptly returned to the dealers as being not up to sample.

Miss Monkman dances and acts in this scene with fascinating grace. It is not, however, her only triumph in the production. In a scene representing some of London's meaner streets Miss Monkman gives a very happy study of a cockney girl, and her duet with Mr. Arthur Hatherton is one of the gems of the piece. A good deal of work falls to Mr. Jack Hulbert, whose dancing is very interesting, and whose songs are most effective. Then there is Miss Ruby Miller, who, in a number of disguises, adds to the production a charm and humour that are extremely welcome. Many of the songs were received with tremendous applause, and seem likely to become popular favourites. The revue is extremely interesting and amusing, and it is a distinctly welcome addition to the entertainments of the town at the present season.

JINGLE

Light and Lively

"See-Saw" at the Comedy Theatre provides a jolly entertainment, in which Mr. Jack Humphries and Miss Phyllis Monkman have splendid opportunities—and take full advantage of them

BELLICOSITIES

THE Kaiser scored again as an unconscious humorist by requesting that no Christmas good wishes should be sent to him. However, he is assured of a nice New Year message from the Allies.

"WE have opened," blusters the *Cologne Gazette*, "the fist which the enemy has so often felt." M'yes; but the enemy means the next move to be "hands up"—not an attempt to palm off a bogus peace.

EVEN Boche papers sometimes stumble on the truth by accident — witness the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, which tells us that "if Germany has to fight until a complete victory is secured, the peace will be of quite a different kind." Quite so; and that's precisely why we mean to make her try to do it.

"WHAT is left for us to eat?" despairingly wailed a hungry Hun writer the other day. Well, it looks as if it won't be long before they are enjoying a generous meal of their own words.

ACCORDING to Mr. F. W. Wile, "the 'peace offer' springs almost beyond question from the depths of the aching German stomach." But why "aching?" The whole trouble seems to be that material for the production of a respectable German stomach-ache is no longer available.

IN the opinion of all competent judges, King Tino is still "playing for time." And if he isn't very careful the chances are that he will eventually get it.

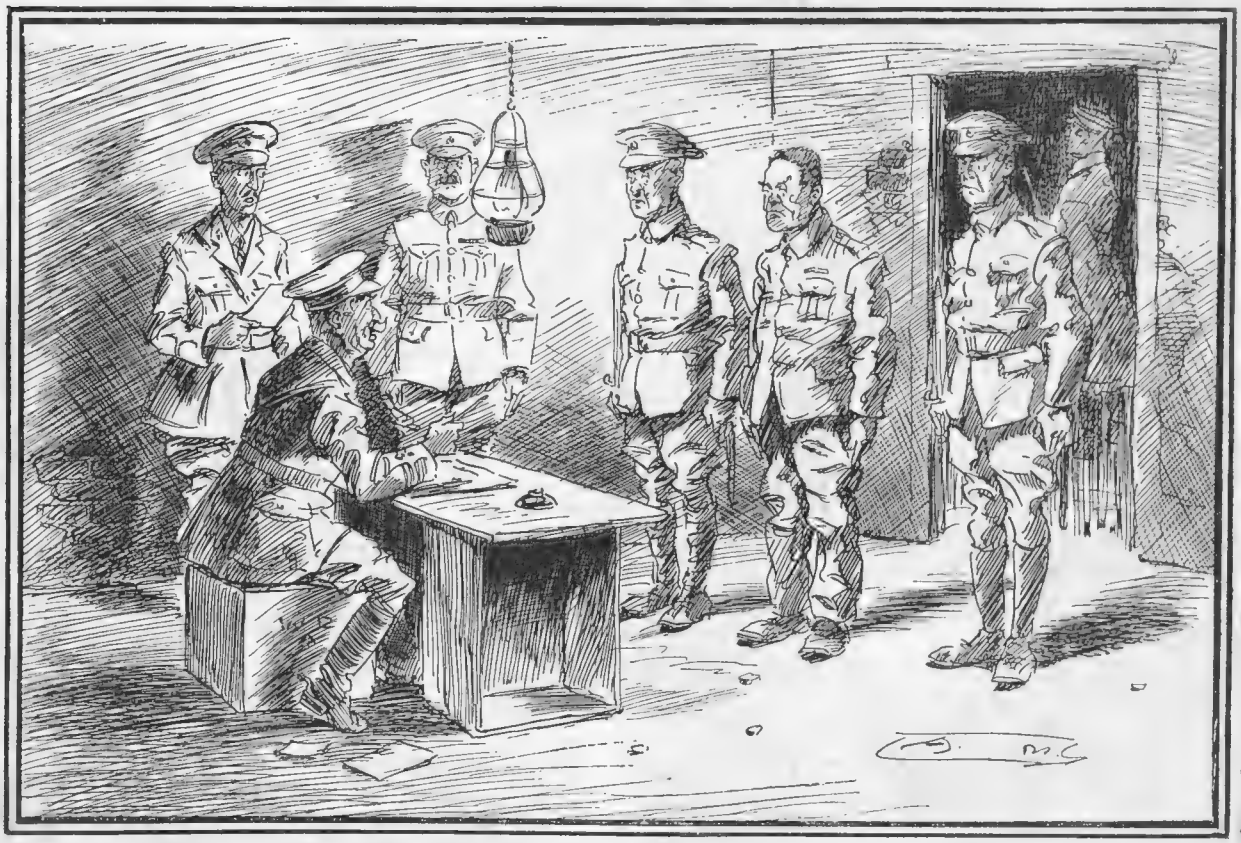
VERY thoughtful of Mr. Runciman to explain publicly that he is not in the Government because he was not invited. But surely nobody thought there could have been any other reason?

THE Speaker has already come to the ominous conclusion that "there is now an Opposition such as did not exist before." Still, we must faintly hope that this is not one of the cases in which the looker-on sees most of the game.

IN a single week no fewer than seventy-two persons were killed or injured lately in the darkened London streets. Our effective air-raid precautions seem to be saving Count Zeppelin and his merry men quite a lot of trouble.

NOTHING will induce us to believe that women, proud of their *coiffure*, in alarm at a recent devastating rumour, have been sympathetically wishing one another "A Hairpin New Year!"

"GERMAN offer to Polish officers," remarks the *Morning Post*. And not before it's time. Remember Zabern?



INOPPORTUNE

THE C.O.: "Do you mean to tell me that not only have you, an old soldier, lost your kit, but your rifle also?"
EX-CPL. O'FLAHERTY (rather proud of his trench French): "Mais wee, sorr, napoo."
THE C.O.: "Twenty-one days No. 1 F.P. Comprez?"

Beyond the Dreams of Avarice

THE WOMAN WITH A PAST

In "The House that Jack Built"

—AND FURNISHED VERY NICELY TOO

An attractive picture of Miss Nora Delaney as she appears in "The House that Jack Built"—the popular Palladium pantomime

BYSTANDER SHORT STORY

Three Sweeps

By BASIL MACDONALD HASTINGS

TOMMY is a very ardent gambler. He cares not what may be the particular medium proposed, but, above all, in these grey days, his mind turns most fondly towards the pastime of Association football. It would be a task of very great difficulty for Tommy himself to explain this love, which he never seeks to dissemble; but that the fortunes and misfortunes of professional teams affect him to the marrow cannot be disputed.

In every place where soldiers now congregate weekly football "sweeps" are held. The entrance fee is generally threepence or sixpence. Lots are drawn for the holding of the principal clubs in the leading leagues, and the winner is he whose team, as decided by the luck of the draw, scores the greatest number of goals in the course of a Saturday afternoon's football. Should two or more teams score the same number the prize is justly apportioned.

The patrons of the saloon bar of the "Duck and Grid," Hamchester, are "sweep" fiends to a man. From the drum-major of the Whipshires—by right of height and weight the most respected man of the *coterie*—down to "Rat" Stamper, the diminutive orderly from the depôt barber shop, one and all are a-tremble every Saturday night for the "results" edition of the local paper. Most of them, alas! are not rich enough to speculate more than threepence a week, but some are so reckless as to buy two chances; and a winner in any one week has been known to buy four shots in the following sweep!

As luck would have it, this season the prize almost always went to one of three men. Either Sergeant Coke, of the "Heavies," or Wopple, the blue-eyed private of the Pay Corps, or the drum-major himself, Pogie by name, took the shillings, and there was naturally grave dissatisfaction among the many competitors who had never "got within a smell" of the devoted sum, which meant unlimited "gaff" and beer for a whole week.

Of course, all knew that everything was above-board. Anybody could see the draw made and a different committee made it each week. But that brought no unction to the restless unlucky.

It was "Rat" Stamper who first suggested that a new method should be tried "just to change the luck."

"I don't see no occasion to change no luck," said drum-major Pogie. "I've only won it three times, and seeing as I can drink three times as much as you, you'll be square with me if you only win it once."

Sergeant Coke and Wopple, needless to say, heartily supported Mr. Pogie. But the "Rat" was persistent.

"It's all very fine for you. You're the only three what's won the sweep this season. And I, for one, am sick of handing you over threepence a week. It ain't justice, and it ain't good for you—what's worse."

There was great applause for the "Rat." There was a big crowd of the regular competitors in the saloon that day. They were nearly all "short," and if the "Rat's" suggestion had contained blood and iron and frightfulness there were not a few ready to follow his lead.

"Well, what do you suggest?" asked Pogie, heavily.

"Well, look here. What I've always felt is that a fool can win this sweep. Now I'm not saying you're a fool."

"No," said Pogie, scraping some mud off his boot. "I suppose you're not."

"I'm not. But I do say as you might be a fool and win it. Any fool can get Chelsea or West 'Am drawn for him out of a hat, and then pouch the brass if they gets the most goals. But what I say is—that's all wrong. Instead of 'aving the teams drawn out of a hat I suggest we choose them for ourselves."

Pipes were removed and glasses were put down in order that the "Rat's" proposal might be properly absorbed.

"You're a nowl," said Pogie, after the pause. "S'posing several fellers all choose the same team?"

"That's easy," said the "Rat." "Let 'em toss which one has it, if it does happen. But it won't. My idea is to enlarge the scope."

There was again a pause, and several looked at each in that queer sheep-like way of the soldier which indicates suspicion either of his own hearing or of someone else's sanity.

"Better shut the door, then, if we're going to enlarge the scope," at last said Sergeant Coke.

"Listen to me," said the "Rat." "Why should we only 'ave the big League teams? Why shouldn't we 'ave some of the small, amateur teams as well? The rule now is we go by the results which is given in the *Sunday Tribune*. Well, there's hundreds of results in the Tribune every Sunday morning. Suppose a feller was allowed to choose any team he liked, small or big, and if the *Tribune* proves that team got the most goals, then I say that feller ought to get the prize."

There was a burst of approval which almost disconcerted the "Rat" himself.

"You see," he went on, "it gives a chance to a chap what's got a proper knowledge of football The way we do it now any fool can win. But if you take my

(All rights strictly reserved)
(Continued on page 32)

"THREE SWEEPS" (*continued*)

tip, the prize'll go to the wallah with the biggest outlook. See?"

"Look here," put in Drum-Major Pogie, already half convinced, because he flattered himself that he was a football expert. "Supposing we choose a team, a small team, what we think's likely to get a great number of goals? And supposin' the *Tribune* don't get to hear of it—and don't publish it?"

"That's your look-out," said the "Rat." "You got to study your *Tribune* every Sunday and see what results they *do* publish, and get yourself educated in minor football. Of course, a feller what chooses a First League team might win it still, but it's nearly always a small club what gets the most goals."

Every man in the sweep knew this. Why, there were the Wallasey Wolves, for instance. Didn't the *Tribune* show last Sunday that they had scored twenty-one goals in a small club game. Hadn't it made the mouth of every competitor water? If only it had been a first-class team and he, himself, had drawn it!

There was much fierce discussion of the details, but in the end the "Rat's" scheme was accepted by an overwhelming vote. On the following Saturday morning, therefore, the competitors met to choose the clubs to represent them in the battle for the "bunco."

It was immediately obvious that each one had looked up the results in the previous Sunday's *Tribune*, for there was a run of claims for the most obscure team which seemed to have great goal-scoring ability in their own class. However, all was settled amicably, although the man who lost the toss for the Wallasey Wolves said he didn't wish the team no harm, but he hoped the perishers would be gassed before the kick-off. The "Rat" chose a club called the "Hackney Hornets." He said a man he'd shaved had heard from a brother of his that they were expected to win—and get a few. But he didn't seem enthusiastic—didn't want to put anyone else up to betting on it.

For the first time in the history of the sweep the result could not be known on Saturday night. So many minor clubs had been picked, and their achievements could not be known till the appearance of the *Sunday Tribune*.

That great newspaper revealed the extraordinary fact that the large number of twenty-five goals had been scored by a certain obscure London team, and that in consequence the selector of the

HACKNEY HORNETS

had won the sweep!

The gathering in the saloon bar that morning had something of the air of a funeral. There was a solemnity, induced, apparently, by great profundity of thought. The drum-major drank a full pint before he would condescend to make his daily declaration that it was "nice something weather." Men nodded curtly to one another, and kept to their papers. But the eyes of most hovered over that extraordinary item of news:

Hackney Hornets, 25; Balham Wasps, 0.

Few accused the "Rat" of wrong-doing, even in their minds. But they were restless over his success. It was his scheme—one which they had joyously hailed—and it had proved such a good scheme that the "Rat" had won. Was it an omen, a coincidence, a blooming mystery—or a swindle?

The "Rat" came in, half an hour later than usual. He was noisy. He had evidently been to another pub first.

"What about the Hornets now?" he demanded, striking the blue-eyed Wopple a violent blow between the shoulder-blades. "They're the boys for poppin' 'em in. That young centre-forward of theirs, young Alf Baker, he's a proper treat, he is. Shouldn't wonder if he didn't get 'alf of them."

There was no reply. There could be no reply. All through church parade each man had pondered for any possible comment apt to the occasion. There was none. The "Rat" had won.

Scarcely a man suspected treachery. Tommy is like that. He thinks he is cunning—but he is really the most ingenuous, lovable child in the world. He is intensely reluctant to accuse a comrade of "twisting it" or "doing the double-double"—although he has not the same scruples in his mental attitude towards the sergeant-major and the quartermaster. Not one of them could reach the state of mind of inquiring how the fraud—if it were a fraud—had been perpetrated They preferred—they actually preferred—that the Hackney Hornets mystery should be unsolved.

The "Rat" took his money, all profit with the exception of the threepence he paid as entrance money and the ninepence that the telegram (to the justifiably unsuspecting Sports Editor of the *Tribune*) cost him, and had a great week. The cloud that may occasionally have floated across his mind in regard to the non-existence of such teams as the Hackney Hornets and the Balham Wasps had a most excellent silver lining.

On the following Saturday morning there was great competition as to who should have the Hackney Hornets. The "Rat" most chivalrously stood aside. He said it was unreasonable to ask for the team two weeks running, and, for himself, he would take the Balham Wasps.

"They're no blinkin' good, I know," he said. "But I'm against the principle of fellers winning the sweep two weeks running." This with a reproving glare at the drum-major. Needless to say, the "Rat's" fine sense of sportsmanship was heartily applauded.

Now there can be no possible doubt that the "Rat" fully intended to let things go that week. It would look very suspicious if he were successful again—and with a team like the (non-existent) Balham Wasps, it was just a trifle too thick. But, alas! There is a game called "ten-and-a-half," one which the "Rat," with money in his pocket, could never resist. Before the closing of the "Duck and Grid" at 2.30 that Saturday afternoon the "Rat" had lost all but ninepence.

Now ninepence is a poor sum to get over Saturday night and Sunday. One could gamble it into double, but then one might lose. And over these reflections hung the reminder in letters of fire that ninepence, after all, was the price of a telegram to the Sports Editor of the *Sunday Tribune*.

Hence it was that before the startled eyes of the subscribers to the "sweep" there appeared in the following morning's football results the staggering announcement:

Balham Wasps, 32; Norwood Congregational, 0.

The "Rat" himself was a little frightened when he

(Continued on page 34

The Ski-Line on the Sky-Line

No; this is not our winter sports page! These French official photographs represent some of the Chasseurs-Alpins now on duty on the Vosges front, where the deep snow which renders the movement of other troops almost impossible, finds them, so to speak, in their native element

"THREE SWEEPS" (*concluded*)

saw the dreadful lie in cold print. Would the others "stand for it?" He hoped that the "Congregational" touch would carry him through. There was a touch of genius about that. Almost any team could get goals, he reflected, against "religious" people.

The subscribers "stood" for it. The committee paid. But there was a grim and freezing coldness about the proceedings which should have warned the "Rat" that all was not as before. Moreover the "Rat" had an uneasy suspicion that in an unguarded moment he had hinted at his secret to a boon companion on the previous night.

This was, indeed, the case, and as a soldier's secret is anybody's secret, quite a number of the sweep competitors were now in the know. Not one, however, spoke a word, each believing that he and he alone was primed with the device.

The football results column of the next Sunday's *Tribune* was a study. Teams that had never been heard of before on land or sea, such as the Peckham Pullets, the Bermondsey Bantams, Whitechapel Hotspurs, and the Camberwell Roosters, had, apparently, amassed enormous scores. Half the fellows in the sweep had sent telegrams, and not one of them gave his chosen club under forty!

The drum-major failed to turn up at all on Sunday morning, so dire was his disgust. Believing ninety-nine to be a perfectly safe figure he had wired that in as the score of the Nunhead Nippers, only to find that he had been beaten by Sergeant Coke with a score of 101 for his old favourites, the Walham Winkles.

A GREAT RELIEF

EDITOR: "Where did you get the idea for this sketch!"
HUMOROUS ARTIST (feeling flattered): "Out of my head!"
EDITOR: "You must be glad that it's out."

But here comes the most remarkable part of the chronicle The "Rat" this week had sent no telegram. He knew that the game must be up if he won again, so he kept his ninepence in his pocket. In point of fact, he made a famous First League club his selection, content to wait a week or two before bringing off another coup.

And yet he won the sweep!

Evidently the bunch of telegrams, giving such enormous football scores, had aroused the suspicions of the Sports Sub-Editor of the *Sunday Tribune*. He realised that these could not be "Soccer" scores. Such heavy figures belonged to the other code for a certainty, and hence the many results, wired in by the sweep competitors, though given publication, were included under the list of

SOUTH LONDON RUGBY!

If that was not disastrous enough the scores of the matches wired in by the drum-major and Sergeant Coke were so large that they were eventually inserted with grave sub-editorial doubt under the heading of

CRICKET IN THIS WEATHER!

Now the competition was for Association football scores, not for those of Rugby and cricket. And by the oddest of flukes the team chosen haphazard by the "Rat" came out on top of the genuine entries with a score of seven goals!

On the following Saturday the sweep was reorganised with new members and the *old* method.

B. Macdonald Hastings

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The Bystander wants some SHORT STORIES. Not any kind of short story, but a particular kind. In a word, a SURPRISE STORY—a story that brings you up with a round turn at the end, leaving you laughing (or crying), but staggered with the unexpectedness of it. The element of surprise is the soul of humour (from the good old booby trap to the Parthian shaft of super-Shavian wit); and it is the soul of effect in every good tale that is told, whether dramatic or comic. TRY, YOU STORY-WRITERS. KEEP US GUESSING ALL THROUGH AND SHAKE US UP HARD AT THE FINISH. Don't think it is necessarily or primarily a "mystery" story you must write, and for pity's sake don't think it is necessarily a funny story It need be none of these. All we want is a good story ending in what is vulgarly called "a punch." Cut out the obvious ending, sharpen it into a point, and put it back again. For the BEST SURPRISE PACKET STORY received before March 1 next ten of the very best £1 Treasury Notes will be awarded. Every other story printed will be paid for at our ordinary rates, and we shall start printing them right away—if they surprise us enough. So don't wait. SHAKE US UP RIGHT NOW. THE STORIES MUST BE SHORT—not more than 1,500-1,800 words.

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Books of the Week

A GOOD MURDER MYSTERY

Murder

Who murdered Mr. Justice Fewbanks? It might have been his butler, who was an ex-convict. It might have been Mrs. Holymead, the wife of his barrister friend, to whom he had made love, because she was at great pains to steal some letters from a secret drawer in his desk. Or it might have been the K.C. himself, whose movements on the night of the murder were extremely suspicious. Again, it might have been the rather unpleasant Birchill, whose arrest was carried out by a high and stupid official at Scotland Yard. Indeed, the murder of Mr. Justice Fewbanks might have been committed by a large number of people, and not even the great consulting detective who was called in was altogether free from error in his deductions. All of which means that *The Hampstead Mystery*, by Watson and Rees (Lane: 5*s.* net), is one of those good old-fashioned detective stories which will never lack readers so long as murders are committed.

The Red Cross in France

Two books appearing almost simultaneously on the work of our Red Cross in France lift the veil considerably from the myriad happenings behind the line "over there" in general, and in Boulogne in particular. Miss Kate Finzi's *Eighteen Months in the War Zone* (Cassell: 6*s.* net) tells the poignant story of the rise of order from chaos of the hospital arrangements. She was one of the first batch of women to cross the Channel on war-work, and her diary is well worth reading. Mr. Granville Barker's *The Red Cross in France* (Hodder and Stoughton: 2*s.* 6*d.* net) is equally personal, but rather less lurid. Going out to see how widespread are the activities of the B.R.C., Mr. Barker seems to have found nothing that it doesn't do except kill Huns. And yet in July, 1914, its headquarters were comfortably housed in one small room! One hopes that Mr. Barker's most interesting book will achieve its purpose and bring many cheques to the B.R.C.'s financial secretary.

R. S.

The "WHITBY."

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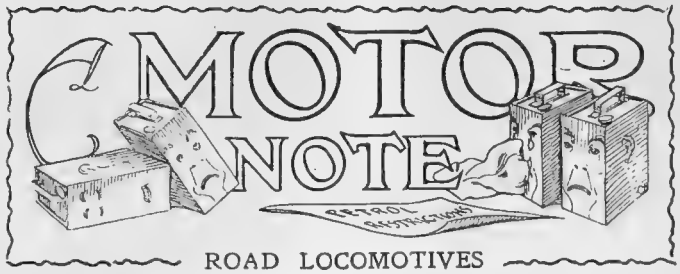

ROAD LOCOMOTIVES

Road Locomotives

WHAT a technical contemporary which always plumes itself upon its accuracy calls a fine fleet of "cars" (said "cars" being, in fact, road locomotives which nobody would recognise as cars within the limits of ordinary definition), are running daily between London and Manchester. They are "Sentinel" steam waggons, owned by a friend of mine, Mr. J. T. Lawton, of Manchester. Each waggon carries five tons both ways. The organisation of a service of that kind connotes commercial courage of a rather exceptional order, in addition to the command of considerable capital. The "half a dozen" "motors" of my esteemed contemporary are actually twice that number of steamers, and, so far, every one has justified the full expectation of the minor Colossus of Roads who hitched his wagon to the enterprise. They run, these Sentinels, with the regularity of a moderately accurate clock and with a greater regularity than the goods trains of to-day—judging the latter by the door to door time of a consignment of goods. This is a pioneer effort for long-distance heavy-weight road vehicles, and deserves a comfortable niche in the archives of transport. Hence this note appreciative; with an addendum which I must really make (not only as a tribute to my friend, Leo Swain, but because the performance is, by the consent of all concerned, noteworthy) to the effect that the Spencer-Moulton solid rubber tyres used have been standing up to the work like—like Spencer-Moulton solid rubber tyres. And you cannot get better than that, anyway.

***

Press Influence

I HAVE just been reading all about the general Press (as distinguished from the technical Press) and how it did not encourage the motor vehicle in its early stages. Except, I gather, on those occasions when there were large advertising contracts to be had. From which we are to be pleased to infer that the technical Press would most militantly have waged war against prejudice directed at the motor vehicle, and would most nobly have held up the banner, even though advertising revenue had been *nil*.

***

The Gentle Retort

MY technical brother must be hard up for copy. No paper can exist without advertising revenue—except as a philanthropic institution. The technical Press happened to be wholly dependent upon the motor industry. Therefore it *had* to carry the flag. Hence its constancy. The general Press must necessarily be more closely a reflex of the general attitude; and the general attitude was not tremendously pro-motor-car. Also, the general Press had other sources of revenue. Therefore when it comes to what the Americans call a show down, there is no very essential difference between the mainsprings of either Press in its relation to motoring. And the technical gentleman who prefers to imply the contrary is prejudiced.

ALEX. J. M. GRAY

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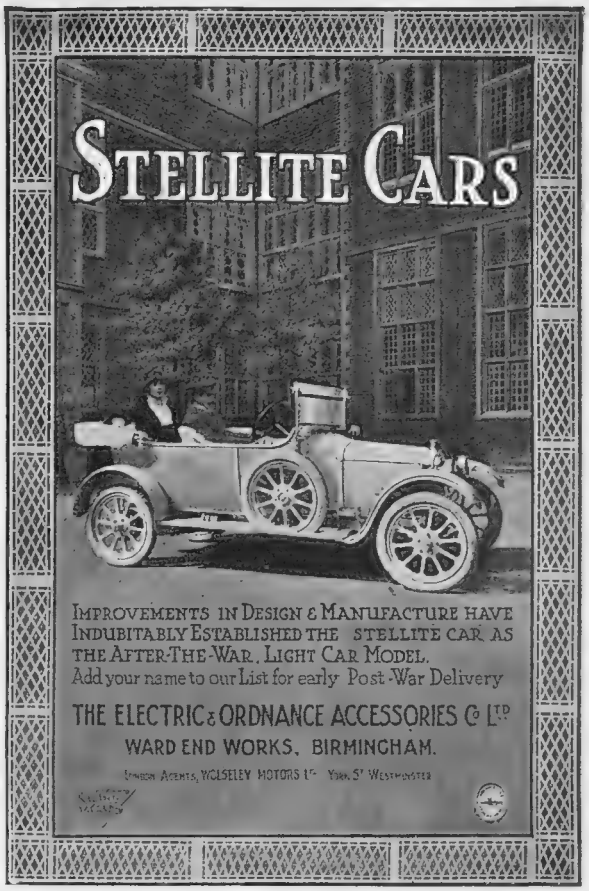

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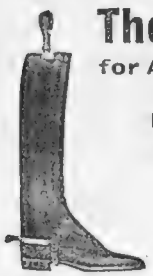

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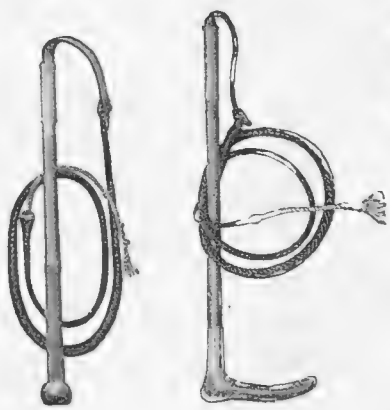

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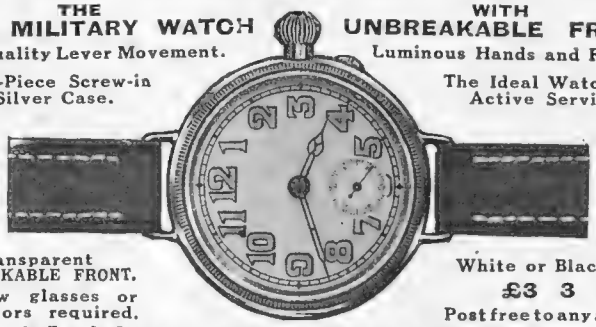

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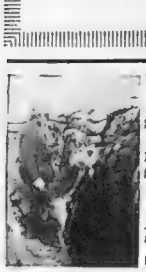

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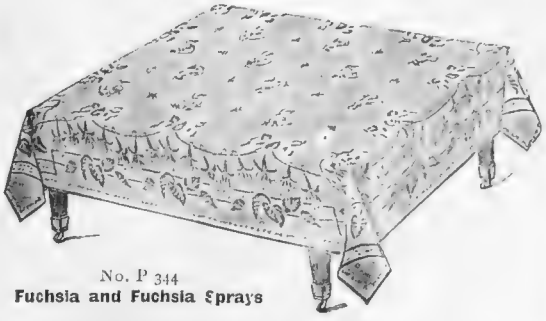

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Khaki Serge, lined Fleece, **£3 15 0**

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Khaki Lambswool (extra quality), lined Fleece, **£4 4 0**

A choice selection of fur-lined Warms at moderate prices.

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Double-breasted Trench Coats interlined Oil Silk throughout, and detachable Fleece linings,

£4 15 0 and **£6 15 0**

Drencher Coats, interlined to waist and through sleeves with Oil Silk,

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A large assortment of the above in all sizes, ready for immediate wear.

Estimates sent on application for full Service Kit and Equipment.

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SOMME to the RHINE

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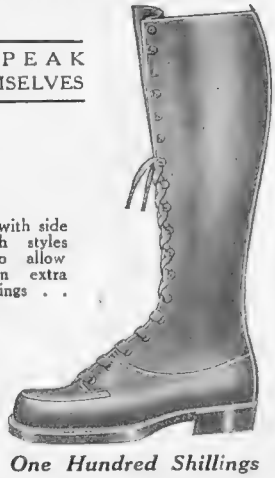
"SUPER"

Norwegian Pattern

FIELD SERVICE TRENCH BOOTS

THEY SPEAK FOR THEMSELVES



Also made with side straps. Both styles modelled to allow room for an extra pair of stockings . .

One Hundred Shillings

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W. ABBOTT & SONS, Ltd., LONDON & PARIS

MILITARY BOOTMAKERS

54, Regent Street 434, Strand 121, High Holborn

NEW MILITARY CATALOGUE FREE ON REQUEST

One Hundred Shillings. One Hundred Shillings.

One Hundred Shillings. One Hundred Shillings. One Hundred Shillings. One Hundred Shillings.

Fashion's Fancies

BY MRS. JACK MAY

Bargains in all Departments

Two weeks having been deemed a sufficiently lengthy period for the disposal of the entire surplus stock at Messrs. Dickins and Jones's, the sale there starts on Monday, January 1, and concludes on the 13th. Although bargains will be found in all departments throughout the whole time, it stands to reason that the very special and particular items will be snapped up during the first few days. For example, there are just two simply lovely seal-dyed musquash coats, the full sweeping skirts flounced with skunk and necks finished with a monster skunk collar, going at 29 guineas each, instead of the original 55 guineas. A few natural musquash coats, skunk-collared, are reduced to 7½ guineas, in lieu of the usual 12 and 14 guineas. But all the fur and fur-lined coats undergo the most drastic sale treatment, so even if a visit is perforce delayed a genuine bargain is assured.

Nowhere has a better or more fascinating selection of coat-frocks been offered during the season than at Hanover House, and these self-same models are now offered at very much reduced rates, which brings the "Ashurst," charmingly expressed in a fine spring weight gabarda coating, cable-stitched and finished with a becoming white cloth sailor collar, down to only £5 18*s.* 6*d.* and the "Arlington," in fine twill gabarda coating, navy or black, to 84*s.*

In the costumes, such novelties as a smart little coat and skirt of jersey cloth will be selling at 5½ guineas, and useful country frieze suits at 98*s.* 6*d.*, a few extremely nice *moire* coats and skirts, in various colours and black, usually costing from 98*s.* 6*d.* to 10 guineas, now dropping to 59*s.* 6*d.*

All remnants and oddments, which include all sorts of dainty dress accessories, for which Hanover House is so justly famed, will be offered at half-price on the two sale Fridays, and what will be of particular interest to Dickins and Jones's country *clientèle*, orders by post receive the same prompt, careful attention during the sale time as usual. Therefore a catalogue relating entirely to the sale should be sent for and studied without delay.

COAT-FROCK OF BEIGE GAB-CORD

With detachable shoulder cape and collar and cuffs of skunk

Harrods' "One Week" Sale

Twice a year we eagerly anticipate this great "one week" sale at Harrods', an event which may now almost be regarded as of national importance, so far-reaching is its fame. From Monday, January 8, to Saturday, the 13th, comprises the red-letter days immediately at hand, and before then it will be well to study carefully a specially compiled catalogue relating to the bargain values.

House dresses, mantles, coats and skirts, blouses, furs, and millinery exact immediate attention, the "Harrod" touch being observable throughout, which in addition to investing every model sold with a particular charm, likewise testifies to an advance knowledge of *La Mode's* decrees. Many rare bargains will be found in dress materials, and taking into due consideration the inevitable shortage later on, it will be well to make a special point of investing in the

(Continued on page x)

FASHION'S FANCIES (continued)

thoroughly reliable makes; while also to be borne well in mind is that on Friday, January 12, thousands of coloured and black remnant lengths will be disposed of at half price.

Very striking reductions occur in underwear and hosiery, fine black cashmere stockings, fast dyes, usually 4*s.* 11*d.*, are to go for 2*s.* 9*d.* the pair, and fine thread at 2*s.* 6*d.* instead of 3*s.* 3*d.* And those who know and appreciate the splendid style and quality of Harrods' sports coats will at once realise the supreme values offered during the sale in pure and artificial silk, cashmere, and knitted wool models.

The Vogue for All Black or All White Panne Millinery

While they are with us let us enjoy to the full the cosy, close-fitting winter hats. For there is a rumour afloat that larger hats than ever are hovering on the horizon. There is something particularly piquant about the quaint little squash crown topper with its infinitesimal brim. Mrs. Dorothy Millar has portrayed this very delightfully, carried out in black *panne* and worn with a collar and melon-shaped hand muff of skunk.

VOGUE OF THE CLOSE-FITTING TIP-TILTED HAT
(Sketched by Dorothy Millar)

Paris is all for the black hat worn with any coloured gown or coat, and it can be easily understood how, when it is a style of such studied severity as our original offering, the finest handling and workmanship is imperative to bring about the requisite impressive result.

Or, again, take the all-white *panne toque*, which, of course, finds a natural complement in white fox furs. Only the young and the fair would venture to essay this framing of the face with unrelieved white. But what a triumph when brought off successfully! With these white accessories the black gown or coat seems inevitable; the very thought of a colour strikes a jarring note. By fair, I do not necessarily mean light hair. Preferably, I think, dark hair and clear white skin, and eyes "put in with a smutty finger." "Rale Oirish, for sure"—a Mary from Tipperary.

Economising Opportunities

From January 1 to the 20th it is given to all in a position to do so to visit Messrs. Harvey Nichols and participate in the sensational winter clearance sale, while others, less fortunately situated, will find a beautifully illustrated catalogue of the event equally convincing.

Special interest centres upon the bargains in model gowns, such names as Callot, Georgette, Jenny, Worth, Bernard, etc., testifying to their original high estate, and the prices now placed upon them to their unquestionable bargain character.

Several exceptionally nice skirts, including the firm's famed 3½ guinea Cumberland tweed models, are going at considerably reduced rates, as are also blouses of an altogether irresistible character, a very prominent feature in the sale being a range of early spring coat-frocks. The new Empire effect characterises a model expressed in coloured Harvidene, the skirt, although cut very full, hanging in graceful straight folds from the short-waisted bodice, a becoming sailor collar with tied ends in front finishing the neck. Well worth 10½ guineas, this absolutely fresh model is to go during the sale at 6½ guineas.

Another coat-frock reduced from 15 to 8½ guineas is in a rich quality black chiffon velvet and *faille* silk, brightened by collar and cuffs of white Georgette, ideal attire for a quiet war wedding, completed by a *chic* black velvet toque of "Tammy" persuasion that Harvey Nichols is offering at a sale price of 29*s.* 6*d.*

The reductions in jerseys and sports coats brings a black and white shot artificial silk coat with Raglan sleeves and sash down with a rush from 21*s.* 9*d.* to 16*s.* 9*d.*, and cashmere jersey coats with roll collar and buckled belt, in pink only, from 29*s.* 9*d.* to 15*s.* 9*d.*

The "Gooch" Cachet

Having sailed serenely on the crest of the wave during the past autumn season, brooking rivalry nowhere, either as regards price or the exclusive and charming character of the models displayed, Messrs. Gooch are equally prepared to throw down the gauntlet where the sales are concerned, feeling perfectly confident that no better value is to be obtained anywhere than that which they are prepared to offer from January 1 to the 13th.

Simply amazing bargains will be found in day and evening gowns, tailor-mades, mantles, millinery, and blouses, each offering evidencing the Gooch *cachet*, which of itself is a sufficient guarantee of excellence to send all dress-loving women to Brompton Road without a moment's delay. Coat-frocks in various coloured serges, including the always desirable navy, usually costing 98*s.* 6*d.*, are reduced to 42*s.*, and beautifully cut and finished tailor-made suits, in gaby cloth, tweeds, serges, and velveteens, to 55*s.* 6*d.*, many originally priced at 15 guineas, and none under 4 guineas.

Smart afternoon and simple morning coats, all *modish* garments, are incontinently lowered to effect a quick clearance, other very notable bargains occurring in the blouse *salon*. For 5*s.* it is possible to secure a cotton or delaine shirt, of immaculate build, 10*s.*

(*Continued on page* xii)

Charm Every Care Away

Snake Charmer

Cigarettes

for

Connoisseurs

HIGH CLASS

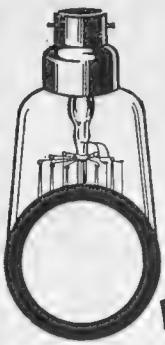
AROMATIC TURKISH

Per Packet of Ten

BOUQUET 7½d. SIZE

QUEEN 10½d. SIZE

May be obtained at all the branches of Salmon & Gluckstein, Limited, or post free direct from their Warehouse, 2-14, Clarence Street, St Luke's, London E.C.



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FASHIONABLE DIAMOND INITIAL AND GOLD WATCH BRACELETS WITH ADJUSTABLE GOLD CLIP FASTENINGS.

No. 532.—FINE DIAMOND INITIAL SLIDE BRACELET WITH BORDER OF WHITE ENAMEL ON BLACK SILK OR REGIMENTAL COLOURED BAND, ANY INITIAL. £3:10:0

No. 531.—FINE DIAMOND INITIAL SLIDE BRACELET WITH RELIABLE MOVEMENT ON BLACK SILK OR REGIMENTAL COLOURED BAND. £5:15:0

No. 543.—SOLID 18-CT. GOLD SMALL SIZE WATCH BRACELET WITH BORDER ON BLACK MOIRE OR REGIMENTAL COLOURED BAND, £4:10:0

No. 533.—FINE DIAMOND INITIAL SLIDE BRACELET WITH BORDER OF WHITE ENAMEL ON BLACK SILK OR REGIMENTAL BAND IN COLOURS, ANY INITIAL.

NEW CATALOGUE OF USEFUL PRESENTS SENT ON APPLICATION.

Austin

QUALITY AND RELIABILITY

will be still more in evidence in the post-war 20-h.p. Car. All on, ready for the road as Touring Car, or Landaulette, at a substantial reduction from pre-war prices. Your new car SHOULD BE an Austin.

Have your name added to the Waiting-List for earliest possible delivery after the War.

Full particulars sent at request.

THE AUSTIN MOTOR CO. Ld.
Longbridge Works (Northfield), BIRMINGHAM. London: 479-483 Oxford Street (near Marble Arch), W.
Also at Manchester, Norwich, and Paris.

FASHION'S FANCIES (continued)

being the allotted price of some coloured *ninon, crêpe de Chine,* and silk blouses, a fine range of white embroidered *voile* blouses selling at 10*s.*, 15*s.*, and 21*s.*, according to the original cost, which in every case was very much more than those now asked.

Approximately speaking, a reduction of from 25 per cent. to 50 per cent. will be placed on all the millinery models, which brings the most adorable headgear within the reach of the moderately well-endowed.

A concise illustrated catalogue of this interesting sale event can be had for the asking from Gooch, Ltd., Brompton Road.

A Marvellous Gown Opportunity

Where all is so good and attractive, it becomes no small task to concentrate the essence of Debenham and Freebody's winter sale into the small space at command. Every one of the magnificently equipped *salons* has something tempting and typical to offer, so the best and surest way of arriving at a satisfactory conclusion is to go to Wigmore Street as early as possible in January, and see for oneself the amazing bargains that prevail. Failing this privilege, however, a perusal of the sale catalogue will prove an admirable substitute, which is no small blessing in these days of restricted travelling.

MRS. J. E. JEWELL

Who presided over the French stall at the Christmas Fair at the Albert Hall with such success, taking over £160 at it for Our Dumb Friends League

The costume department, famed the world over for the fine taste displayed in all the well-selected models, has been ruthlessly raided by the authorities, who have decided to reduce the loveliest silk, *ninon, crepe de Chine,* and taffeta afternoon and restaurant gowns to 49*s.* 6*d.*, regardless of the fact that the season's prices for these self-same garments have been from 78*s.* 6*d.* to 6½ guineas. Similarly drastic reductions occur in velveteen tailor-made suits, 69*s.* 6*d.* now securing models originally costing 6½ and 7½ guineas, navy suiting serge suits undergoing treatment in no way merited, as far as appearance and general value go.

Twenty-nine shillings is a mere bagatelle of a price to pay for the type of *crêpe de Chine* nightdresses Debenham and Freebody are offering, one model in

(*Continued on page* xiv)

Capt. M—, B.E.F., France, writes 6/2/16:—
"Your Soles are absolutely O.K."
Sir H. H. A. HOARE, Bart., writes 29/11/15:—
"They are in every way thoroughly satisfactory."

Phillips' 'Military'
SOLES AND HEELS

¶ Thin rubber plates, with raised studs, to be attached on top of ordinary soles and heels, giving complete protection from wear. The rubber used is **six times more durable than leather.**

¶ They impart smoothness to the tread, give grip, and prevent slipping. Feet kept dry in wet weather.

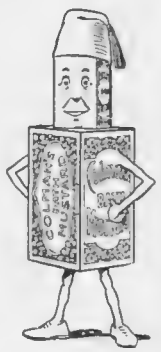
FROM ALL BOOTMAKERS.

STOUT (for Active Service) ... ... **4/9** per set.
LIGHT (for Town wear, golf, &c.) ... **3/9** ,,
LADIES (for general wear) ... ... **3/-** ,,
With slight extra charge for fixing.

If any difficulty in obtaining, send pencilled outline of sole and heel, with P.O. for Sample Set, to the makers. Sent Post Free.

Phillips' Patents, Ltd. (Dept. K.2.) **142-6 Old Street, LONDON, E.C.**

There is no luxury quite equal to a Mustard Bath after a strenuous day's work in the munition factory! Muscles and nerves get back their tone—the skin reacts to a glorious glow—and fatigue simply disappears. Just a tablespoonful or so of mustard in the hot water. Any bath—any time—any day—why not to-day?



Colman's Mustard Bath

"Let Muster Mustard prepare your bath."

S H.B.

MARVELLOUS ECONOMY (Gas at 2/- per 1,000)
IN LIGHTING AND COOKING FOR THE COUNTRY HOUSE.

OVER HALF YOUR PETROL SAVED
WITH OUR DUPLEX CARBURETTOR

The most economical and practical method of lighting, heating and cooking introduced.
Our Patent Duplex Carburettor gives wonderful results and is the only one which works on ordinary petrol without waste. Hundreds of testimonials.
Over 3,000 installations with 400 adaptations of other makes to our perfect system showing a saving of from 60 to 80 per cent.

A SOFT BUT PERFECT LIGHT.

Silent Burners and Automatic Switches render the system perfect.

Write for booklet and particulars.

THE PIONEERS OF PETROL GAS LIGHTING

Thirty Years' Experience also in high-class **Electrical Installations.**

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FURNITURE

and EFFECTS, to the extent of over £70,000.

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have been favoured with instructions from he various trustees and owners who have been called to serve with His Majesty's Forces, to SELL PRIVATELY, in many cases entirely without reserve and regardless of original cost, the Entire Contents of several town and country Mansions, being one of the greatest collections ever offered to the public of genuine second-hand and antique English, French, and Italian furniture, English and Oriental carpets, pictures by modern and old masters, china and glass, pianofortes, silver and plate, linen and various objects of art, including styles of Elizabethan, Jacobean, Queen Anne, Early Georgian, Chippendale, Hepplewhite, Adams, Sheraton, besides a magnificent collection of black and gold and coloured lacquer furniture of Oriental taste. Complete illustrated catalogues sent free on application.

The FOLLOWING FEW ITEMS will suffice to give an idea of the exceptionally low or war-time prices at which these goods are being offered:

THE LOUNGE DINING-ROOM and **LIBRARY FURNITURE**, include several fine lounge easy chairs, with loose down cushion seats, **47s. 6d.** each; Chesterfield settees with adjustable ends, **£3 7s. 6d.** each; large lounge easy chairs covered with real leather, unsoiled, **£4 17s. 6d.** each; Queen Anne design sideboard, 5ft. wide, with round mirror in back, **£7 15s.**; Queen Anne design mantel mirror, **£2 7s. 6d.**; oval extending mahogany dining-table, with Queen Anne shaped legs, **£4 10s.**; set of eight Queen Anne design chairs, including two arm or carving chairs, with upholstered seats, **£8 15s.**; bookcase, with writing bureau attached and drawers under, **£6 15s.**; large real Turkey carpet, in excellent condition, **6gs.**; fine old striking grandfather clock, **£6 15s.**; bracket clock, **35s.**; choice pair of large French bronzes **45s.**; old boule Delf pattern dinner service of octagonal shape, 70 pieces, complete, **£3 17s. 6d.**; with tea service to match, including teapot and sugar-pot, **27s. 6d.**; complete set of crystal table glass, **£5 17s. 6d.**; polished oak canteens of cutlery and plate by Mappin and Webb, **£5 17s. 6d.**; quantity of plate by Elkington and other well-known makers; rare specimens of Jacobean dressers, refectory tables and chairs in James and Charles II. styles.

THE DRAWING-ROOM FURNITURE in styles of Chippendale, Hepplewhite, Louis XIV., and Louis Seize, carved and gilt, also some exquisitely painted and decorated satinwood cabinets, screens, settees, chairs, tables, etc., and a quantity of Venetian mirrors, and inlaid ivory boule and Dutch marquetry furniture, in addition to over 150 Chesterfield settees and lounge easy cairs, all being offered at less than one-third original cost.

THE BED-ROOM APPOINTMENTS in modern and antique styles, include complete solid oak suites from **5gs.** ranging up to magnificent decorated satinwood and French lacquered and inlaid suites, complete with bedsteads, up to **400gs.**; several old bow front and other chests from **35s.**; gent.'s wardrobes and tallboy chests from **£3 15s.**; old Jacobean and Chippendale design four-post bedsteads, etc. Full particulars will be found in catalogue.

THE BILLIARD-ROOMS, LIBRARIES and **HALL APPOINTMENTS** include several Persian, Turkey, and Oriental carpets and rugs, 2 full-size billiard-tables, also a smaller patent turnover billiard dining-table, **16gs.**, with all accessories, a fine old Welsh dresser in original condition, about 7ft. wide, **9gs.**; unique design oak coffer, **£2 15s.**; oak seat table with rug box **£2 15s.**; carved oak panelled hall cupboard, **£4 17s. 6d.**; and several old carved oak chairs.

SEVERAL PIANOFORTES by eminent makers including a serviceable piano suitable for practice, **£5 15s.**; a capital instrument in walnut case, **12gs.**; piano by Agate and Pritchard, **15gs.**; piano as new, by William Blackwood and Co., **22gs.**; piano in rosewood case by "Hopkinson," **25gs.**; magnificent upright grand piano by John Brinsmead and Co., **29gs.**; choice upright piano, iron frame, by Broadwood, White and Co., **30gs.**; small horizontal grand by John Broadwood, **12gs**; and a ditto by same makers, **27gs.**; combined Player piano by Stanley Brinsmead, with several rolls of music, **65gs.**; and a "Steck" player piano as new, **85gs.**; and several others.

THE GARAGE includes a 12-14 h.p. Unic Touring Car, quite as new, complete **£250**; also a Remo Touring Car, condition as new, **£150**; also various accessories.

Any article may be had separately, and, if desired, can remain stored and payment made when delivery required, or will be packed free and delivered or shipped to any part of the world.

Complete Catalogues, illustrated by photographs, now ready. Sent post free

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Cab fares refunded to all purchasers.

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Established over half a century. L. LEWIS, Manager.

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CIRCULAR POINTED
PENS.

SEVEN PRIZE MEDALS.

These series of Pens neither scratch nor spurt. They glide over the roughest paper with the ease of a soft lead pencil. Assorted Sample Boxes, 6d., to be obtained from all Stationers. If out of stock, send stamps to the Works, BIRMINGHAM

Attention is also drawn to their Patent Anti-Blotting Series

London Warehouse: **124, NEWGATE ST., E.C.**

PHAT-PHEET
and the shortage
of school boots

THERE is a great scarcity of school boots. Most of the men who can make the sturdy type of school boot are required for Army work—hence the shortage.

As a result, the production of the regular Phat-Pheet models has been somewhat restricted and reduced, and we have been compelled to introduce a number of supplementary war models to tide us over the difficult period.

We are thus in a favourable position to execute orders for school footwear providing a certain amount of latitude is given.

When ordering by post

the best plan is to send pencilled outlines of the children's stockinged feet and state their needs. For example: Whether for boy or girl; purpose required; colour; heavy, medium or light. Samples will be willingly sent upon receipt of stamps for postage.

PHAT PHEET

Daniel Neal
& SONS LIMITED

Dept. 18—126 Kensington High Street W.
Fitting rooms also at 68—70, Edgware Road, W., and 123, High Street, Putney, S.W.

"Eciruam"
Regd

SIMPLIFIED GOWNS WITH AND WITHOUT FASTENERS.

GOWNS FOR ALL OCCASIONS
NO FITTING REQUIRED.

Put On in a Moment.

SALE
THIS WEEK
GOWNS
FROM
49/6

NEW CATALOGUE POST FREE.

The Queen says:
"'ECIRUAM' Maternity Gowns are perfection."

No. 91.

Maurice (Eciruam, Ltd.)

43, SOUTH MOLTON STREET LONDON W.
(Near Bond Street Tube.)

FASHION'S FANCIES (concluded)

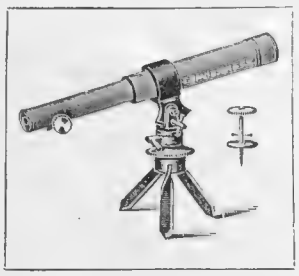
pink, white and sky, having the fulness regulated in front by smocking, making a specially strong appeal, as also a simple style with square-cut neck finished by a hand-embroidered and hand-veined band. The daintiest, prettiest little *crêpe de Chine* tea-frock at 39*s.* 6*d.* is certainly a leading bargain attraction, although it is only one of many of an equally alluring order to be found in the *salon* devoted to the cause of tea, rest, and dressing-gowns.

The National Children's Home

"We can repay in some measure," writes Lady Beatty, "the great national debt we owe our gallant men by taking an interest in their children and by giving them an education which will fit them for the battle of life. Nothing appeals to us more forcibly than the helplessness of these poor orphans, who no longer have fathers to support them, and we are one and all only too willing to do our utmost for them." The National Children's Home, an association of experts in child welfare, with nearly fifty years' experience to its credit, offers its services in this connection. It is already caring for upwards of 200 orphans of soldiers and sailors, for whom, at beautiful Sheringham, it has recently established a special branch. The Prinicipal (Rev. W. Hodson Smith), on receipt of a postcard, addressed to him at 104-122, City Road, London, E.C., will gladly send full particulars.

The "Davon" Micro-Telescope

Messrs. F. Davidson and Co., of 29, Great Portland Street, W., have invented a really wonderful little instrument in their Micro-Telescope. By applying the power of the microscope to the telescope they have produced a glass both small and light, with a very large field and variable power (16 by 20, 25, 30, 40, and 45), fine definition, and stereoscopic vision. It is particularly useful for inspecting military photographs in magnified relief, and is perfectly invaluable to artillery and engineer officers. It is specially supplied to the War Office, and is sold at £9 15*s.*—an extraordinarily low price considering its very high value.



THE "DAVON" MICRO-TELESCOPE

An Excellent Desk Calendar

The Royal Mail Steam Packet Company have just issued an ingenious and artistic desk mirror containing an almanac which can be adjusted each month, as necessary. This calendar will be a very useful article for the business man's desk as it is perpetual, and, therefore, never needs renewing.

How to Reduce Selling Costs

Few more valuable books to commercial men have ever been published than Mr. Paul Derrick's "How To Reduce Selling Costs." Now is the time to prepare for post-war trade conditions, and every manufacturer should study this book if he wishes to gain full value for his own work. At the present time the cost of selling exceeds the cost of production; and if trade is really to prosper and increase it must be brought to a lower level. How this object can be attained Mr. Derrick shows lucidly and well. He has taken for his motto the words "Do it better!" and his book is a piece of admirable instruction as to how this excellent advice may be put into execution.

A Correction

In a recent issue an illustration of one of the admirable productions of Messrs. Pond—a Vanishing Cream jar—was inadvertently described as containing the well-known "Pond's Extract." The extract is, of course, a liquid, and is not sold in jars, but only in bottles.

The above quotation is a Splendid Testimony of the Wonderful results which ensue from the

Constant use of

ROWLAND'S MACASSAR OIL

For the Hair.

Lord Byron preserved his fine head of hair by using this Elegant Toilet Requisite, and recommended it to all his acquaintances.

Use it for your own and your children's hair, as it preserves, nourishes, and enriches it more effectually than anything else. It is prepared in a golden colour for fair or grey hair, and is sold in **3/6, 7/-** and **10/6** sizes, by Stores, Chemists, Hairdressers, and **Rowland's, 67, Hatton Garden, London.**

TRIUMPH

Our whole productions are requisitioned by the British War Office and the War Offices of our Allies.

TRIUMPH CYCLE Co., Ltd., Coventry

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STANDARD

ALL BRITISH
THE STANDARD MOTOR Co ltd COVENTRY.

Fashionable MATERNITY WEAR (Self-adjusting)

ROYALTY and SOCIETY patronise our world-renowned Maternity Wear. Every garment preserves normal appearance and is skilfully made to measure. Gown illustrated costs from **35/-**. For designs, patterns and self-measurement form, write Manageress,
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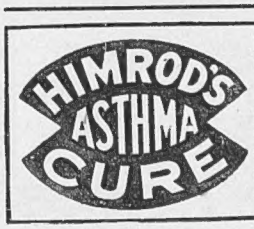
(Specialists) **MANCHESTER.**

For cleaning Silver, Electro Plate &c.
Goddard's Plate Powder
Sold everywhere 6d 1/ 2/6 & 4/6.



HIMROD'S CURE FOR ASTHMA
the surest, quickest remedy for Catarrh, Ordinary Colds and Asthmatic troubles. The Standard remedy for over 40 years.
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—the Problem and its Solution.

The first essentials in any cleaning preparation are that it must preserve the "nature" of the material and maintain the correct colour.

"WEB-BLANCO"

is made expressly for the purpose of cleaning Web-equipment. The first trial will demonstrate that it meets all requirements in full.

It adds to the **WATERPROOF** qualities of the Webbing, and thus ensures both longer wear and smarter appearance.

It is **CONVENIENT**—a cake in a metal box complete with sponge occupies the minimum of room in the kit, and is a compact, handy, self-contained package.

It is **ECONOMICAL**—needing to be but thinly applied.

It is **EASY TO USE**—saving both time and labour. And it is cheap.

'WEB-Blanco' has War Office approval.

To O.C.'s who have not had 'WEB-BLANCO' brought under their notice we will gladly send a sample and particulars. Please address—

JOSEPH PICKERING & SONS, Ltd.,
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"THE IDEAL NEW YEAR'S GIFT."

SESSEL PEARLS

SESSEL PEARLS are the finest reproductions existing. They are made by a secret and scientific process which imparts to them the same sheen, delicacy of tone, texture, and durability of Genuine Oriental Pearls.

Beautiful Necklet of SESSEL PEARLS in fitted case with 18ct. Gold Clasp, **£4 4 0**
Real Diamond Clasps, with Sessel Pearl, Emerald, Sapphire, or Ruby Centre, from **£2 2 0**
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A Laxative and Refreshing Fruit Lozenge
FOR
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Gastric and Intestinal Troubles
TAMAR INDIEN GRILLON
67, Southwark Bridge Road, London, S. E.
Sold by all Chemists, 2/9 a box.

THE MENU

THE two-course lunches and three-course dinners have, according to newspaper reports, proved a failure, as they have driven the public, in the majority of cases, to having a one-course heavy meat meal instead of two or three courses of light dishes which would not contain so much meat. The following suggestions may be useful:

I.

CURRIED EGGS
*FISH AND TOMATO PIE
CHEESE CROQUETTES

II.

LENTIL SOUP
* SAVOURY BEANS
* GOLDEN SYRUP OR JAM PUDDING

III.

* MACARONI AND EGGS
FRICASSEE OF RABBIT
* FRENCH PANCAKES

Fish and Tomato Pie

Take any remains of cooked fish, flake it, removing all skin and bone, and mix it with some white sauce. Butter a pie-dish, place a layer of the fish in it, next a layer of breadcrumbs, then a layer of tomatoes cut into slices, with a *very* little finely chopped onion, then more breadcrumbs, fish, etc., until the dish is full. Have plenty of white sauce. If preferred, the top layer may be of mashed potatoes. Bake for about twenty minutes.

WAR LUNCHES

Savoury Beans

Wash a pint of haricot or butter beans, and soak them overnight with a pinch of soda. Place them in a casserole or stewpan with sufficient stock or water to cover them, and simmer until tender (two hours). Stir in a thick white parsley sauce, and lay on the top some fried slices of bacon or a rasher of ham.

Golden Syrup or Jam Pudding

Make a pie-crust either with suet or margarine, cut a piece large enough to fit into a pudding-basin, spread with golden syrup or jam, and a little chopped lemon-peel; now put on another piece of pastry and more syrup until the basin is full, let the last piece of pastry fit well over. Bake in a good oven, or, if preferred, steam for one and a half hours. Turn out of the basin and serve.

Macaroni and Eggs

Boil 3 oz. of macaroni for twenty minutes, then put it in a saucepan with nearly half a pint of white sauce, some grated cheese, pepper, and salt. When thoroughly hot arrange on a dish and put some eggs which have been boiled and the shells taken off on the macaroni. Sprinkle a little chopped parsley over, and serve. The eggs should be boiled for five minutes.

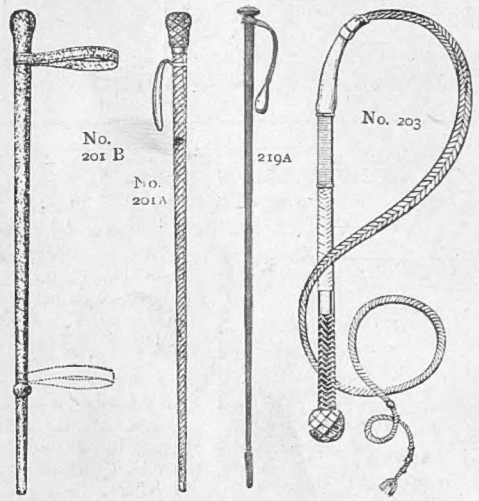
French Pancakes

Beat 2 oz. of butter or margarine to a cream, add 2 oz. of granulated sugar and two eggs; well beat this together and then add 2 oz. of flour and half a pint of milk. When this is well mixed, pour it into well-greased saucers, and bake for twenty minutes in a quick oven. This quantity makes four. Serve them in a pile with a little marmalade or jam between each and sifted sugar on the top.

EMILIA

PRACTICAL KIT

Officers' Loaded Sticks and Whips.



	£	s.	d.
No. 201A.—Loaded stick, whalebone centre, plaited all over kangaroo hide, wrist strap ..	2	10	0
No. 201B.—Ditto, whalebone centre, covered all over pigskin, sliding wrist strap ..	1	18	0
No. 201B.—Ditto, steel centre, covered all over pigskin, sliding wrist strap	1	5	0
No. 201C.—Ditto, short length, for riding	1	1	0
No. 219A.—Best all whalebone plaited kangaroo hide Cutting Whip and Wrist Strap, not loaded..	1	10	0
Ditto, second quality	1	1	0
No. 203.—Officer's Newmarket Whip, whalebone centre, plaited raw hide, with kangaroo hide handpart, loaded end, silver collar, and thong	1	18	0
Ditto, plaited all over kangaroo hide, loaded end, with thong	1	15	0

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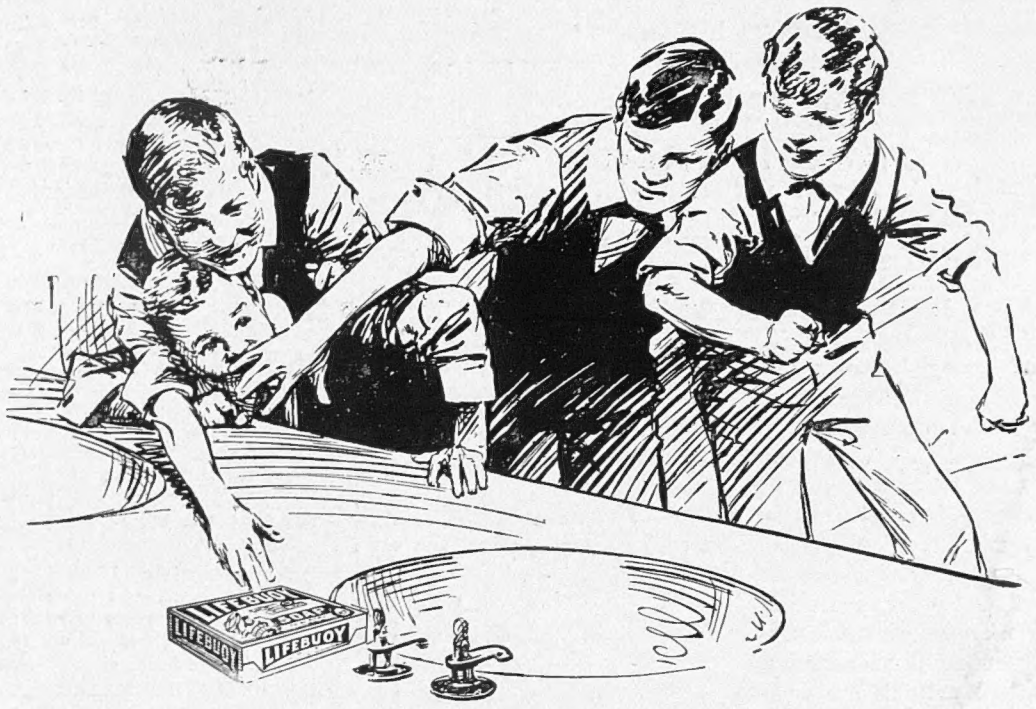
185 PICCADILLY, LONDON, W.

Fi-co-lax being concentrated goes twice as far as imitations.

Sold by all Chemists and Stores. | In Bottles, **1/3** Family Size, **3/-**

THE FICOLAX CO., Graham Street, London.

LIFEBUOY SOAP



BOYS WILL BE BOYS, AND LIFEBUOY SOAP WILL ALWAYS BE THEIR FAVOURITE SOAP.

THESE happy, joyous young Britons instinctively fly to the soap that invigorates. After the general rough and tumble in the playground, there is nothing a boy likes so much as a brisk wash with Lifebuoy Soap, a wash that leaves his tousled forelock as sweet and clean as the heather which grows on the hillside.

Imagine the friendly jostle at the wash-bowl and bath, the cheerful hum of voices—above all, the pleasant and health-giving odour of Lifebuoy Soap, and you have a happy picture of healthy, manly boyhood.

Wise parents insist on their manly boys using Lifebuoy Soap, for they know that its antiseptic properties will protect them from the germs and microbes of disease that ever threaten boy life at school.

A BRITISH SOAP FOR BRITISH BOYS.

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Great Epidemic of Hair Troubles

WAR CONDITIONS RESPONSIBLE.

REMARKABLE FOUR-FOLD GIFT OFFER!

1. A Free Bottle of "Harlene-for-the-Hair."
2. A Packet of "Cremex" Shampoo Powder.
3. A Bottle of "Uzon" Brilliantine.
4. "Hair-Drill" Manual of Instructions.

The special attention of every reader of 'The Bystander' is directed to the Hair-Health-Gift Free Coupon below

ONE MILLION "HAIR-DRILL" PARCELS TO BE SENT FREE.

THESE young ladies are most enthusiastic. They *know* that their hair has suffered, and they have tried and proved the merits of "Harlene Hair-Drill" with the most satisfactory results.

There is certainly at the present time some cause for anxiety amongst those who value their hair, for the very atmosphere to-day seems so impregnated that even those who live and work a considerable distance from the munition factories, workshops, and arsenals are wondering why their hair is thinning, falling out, or becoming straggly and dull and lacking in lustre.

Interviewed on the subject, Mr. Edwards, the well-known Discoverer-Inventor of "Harlene Hair-Drill," declares that his records have fully proved war-time conditions to be responsible for a serious increase in hair trouble.

"There is certainly," he said "a great increase lately in all kinds of hair troubles, but this is chiefly due to the fact that many people do not realise how simple a task it is to make the hair wonderfully bright and healthy. In the great munition centres I have heard of extraordinary cases of hair troubles, but there are hundreds of thousands more who are suffering from hair weakness which could so speedily be remedied if they would only accept my Free Gift.

"I am willing to send to the first million people a parcel containing all the necessary materials for a seven days' practice of hair-health and beauty cultivation free of all charge."

FREE

If you desire abundant beautiful hair test the "Harlene Hair-Drill" Method to-day, free of cost. By filling in the form below and posting, you will receive everything necessary to commence a scientific method of hair beauty culture.

If you suffer from

1. Scalp Irritation
2. Partial Baldness
3. Straggling Hair
4. Falling Hair
5. Splitting Hair
6. Over-Greasiness
7. Over-Dryness
8. Scurf or Dandruff
9. Unruly Wiry Hair
10. Hair Thinning

you have only to avail yourself of Mr. Edwards' most generous offer to learn of the most successful method of regaining, restoring, and preserving hair health and beauty.

Here is the Four-Fold Hair Beauty Outfit offer to you absolutely free. It includes—

1. A Bottle of "Harlene" for the Hair—the wonderful Hair tonic, stimulant, and dressing that literally compels a magnificent growth of hair.

2. A free packet of "Cremex" Shampoo Powder—the finest hair-cleanser in the world—which prepares the head for "Harlene Hair-Drill."

3. A bottle of Uzon Brilliantine, which gives a final touch of beauty to the hair, and is especially beneficial to those whose hair is inclined to be dry.

4. A free book explaining exactly how to carry out the simple scientific "Harlene Hair-Drill" method.

Hair needs help, nutrition, and stimulation. No matter how thin, weak, or impoverished your hair "Harlene Hair-Drill" will prove the safest, surest, and speediest way to Hair Health and Beauty.

Once you have experienced the splendid hair-growing and hair improving properties of "Harlene" after a Free Trial, you will be able to obtain future supplies from your local chemist at 1*s.*, 2*s.* 6*d.*, or 4*s.* 6*d.* per bottle. (In solidified form "Harlene" is now ready in tins at 2*s.* 9*d.*, with full directions as to use.) "Uzon" Brilliantine 1*s.* and 2*s.* 6*d.* bottle, and "Cremex" Shampoo Powders 2*d.* each, or 1*s.* per box of seven shampoos.

Any or all of the preparations will be sent post free on receipt of price direct from Edwards' Harlene, Limited, 20, 22, 24, and 26, Lamb's Conduit Street, London, W.C. Carriage extra on foreign orders. Cheques and P.O.'s should be crossed. Write to-day.

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Fill in and Post to EDWARDS' HARLENE, Ltd., 20-22-24-26, Lamb's Conduit St., London, W.C.

Dear Sirs.—Please send me your free "Harlene" Four-Fold Hair-Growing Outfit. I enclose 4d. in stamps for postage to any part of the world. (Foreign stamps accepted.)

Name.....

Address.....

.....

"Bystander," 3/1/17

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